THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, ROMANCE, COMMERCE

VOL. XXIII. ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER, 115 NASSAU ST. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1867. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 34.

POSSESSION.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

To conceive would that crust was bestrid—
From the sweetest lips the sweetest word
The sweetest eye beam in its own reflection
Was a bliss as grave as the angels know it
And my love, my darling, my own, my own,
Is mine by the seizure and the crown
Is my wife by a right will!
Is, thereof word? my life to fill
With a larger life and more diverse—
For it makes me taller and it makes her taller,
And brings angels to our espousal eyes
To look on and to love the prize
Which to-day we seize forever fast
With a holier tight than sun and star;
The star of the sky is more divine,
And a deeper manor is in the flower
That buds and blooms on the ground above—
But a manner of love and a right of love
Which the priest has given with a service glad
As they that worship the valley-crop in May
Is more dear to the inmost core
Of my great warm heart for my dual thrift
Through the life that love with me now his clue,
Than star, the lure of the firmament,
Wanting the crown of my possession,
Or than flower, the "good queen Bess,"
Which spreads the scent that makes me faint;
Than maiden her dearest plaus ever before,
Than mother her name to love and adore
For rest and ever and evermore!

Thus a glow of light on the gray sea,
What music stirred in the tamed reed,
That lingers without from the new-shorn hill
As over the deck I passed at moon?
By birds and by flowers I am answered well,
In my song of love from tree to tree,
By the very tongue wherein sound for me
The very words—each, with a relevance,
The odd love-light that brimmed some eye,
And the tone when wrath my will;
For its depths were stirred by a single word
Of a language that I had learned to love
By the way it rippled round,
Even as every joy that had entered into
My life-experience had lived on my tongue—
If there were more for dark spirit
Or a hand there, hesitating, here, there—
And a crowd, how vague and numberless—Phase of
Possession!

NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XLVII.

AFTER PRAYER.

Had an entire stranger entered Dr. Wentworth's family, he would scarcely have suspected that a great sorrow had befallen it. So might a stark a statesman manifestly by one inward solemnity, unusual even in the circle of affectionate people. The voice of singing was there, but the music flowed deep, carrying few bubbles upon its surface. Even mirth re-entered its wholesome way, but it was subdolent more by the deep freshness given to conversation than by a positive observance of its own. In this tone, happily, service worked upon the moral sentiments and developed a serene and high quality. There was no drug in it deadening to the sensibility. All of life had become richer by what it had lost. The heavens seemed nearer. The highest duties and most trivial offices of life were seemed stirred with celestial hues. When Death is interpreted it loses its terror. Its meaning is in earth life, not in sub life. It takes away the flesh, but pours back along the way upon which the departing spirit went a flood of light and influence which brightens the return and doubles the value of all that remains behind. The worth of common things depends upon the sentiments which we have twined around them. Sorrows are gardeners, and plant flowers along waste places, and teach vines to cover barren heaps. The common duties of life, unlooked, are but as stones of stone, or timber; but blessed with sorrow, each stone carries the blessing, watering glory, and mosses picture the stones, and giving the smoothest toils the touch which is sentiment and soul.

Rose and her mother were conferring in whispers.

"Ask him," said Mrs. Wentworth.

"Father, what is your feeling about—about our going into mourning?"

A grave smile barely lingered on the doctor's face as he replied, and then again his face iron the book which he read.

"It is proper, my daughter, that we should mourn when we are afflicted."

"Father, you know I did not mean that. Shall we put on the customary mourning clothes?"

"If it is customary to wear mourning, I do not do it from custom. I mean you follow the example."

"What example is there, father?" said Rose.

"Read in the twentieth chapter of John," replied the doctor, "and about the middle of the chapter—let me see—there it is—the eleventh and twelfth."

Rose read aloud—"But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre——"

"Yes," interrupted her father, "that is how often our way in grief: we 'stoop down' and we 'look into the sepulchre.' Except by a miracle, they that look into the grave for their dead will find darkness, and gloom, and decay. But I interrupted you—the part that I meant is yet to come."

Rose resumed—"And saw two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain——"

"Old Francia, before Raffaelle's day," said Dr. Wentworth, "in a noble Pieta, which is now in the National Gallery in London, represents an angel at the head of Christ, with the expression of hope, as one who was looking forward into the future, while the other angel at the feet wears the sorrowful look of one who remembers the past. The lesson I have always interpreted this picture as teaching that the Christian, standing by the sage in Judea gospel in his hand, and with his natural feelings from the thought of the cold and exposure were overcome, he began to ask Rose in her preparation. He placed in her hands works or parts of works that would give her such general knowledge of physiology and of therapeutics as would furnish a proper basis for their study. In connection with these, he put into her hands books on domestic economy, surgery, the particularly on the treatment of diseases, and on nursing. Such a library was unquestionably for general reading, but it was simulated to the highest degree. Rose was enchanted by the prospect of the intellectual interest, and brought to the study of medicine an enthusiasm which overwhelmed a tact and delicacy with few modern schools possess.

No superficial knowledge would satisfy her. Day after day, night after night, she would attend to her reading with her father, and would not be satisfied with receiving from suffering to natural to a sensitive mind.

"Then you see, Rose," her father would say, "that your motive for the study of medicine is not a good charitable! But with modesty and your good sense, you have enough to tell you that you are not fitted for a physician."

Rose, thoughtful Norwood, in common with every town and village in the North, was filled with grief, both in fitting the spoken required of Massachusetts by the call for a half million of men, and in providing for their soldiers' comforts in the early and for necessaries for sickness and wounds. But there came to a good market! Bandages of all widths, and in endless quantities, were provided. Lint was scraped in every house. Sick dresses, drawers, shirts, and bedding, were made. Every family found themselves in great labor. Sewing societies in every church, and in every village, and in every other house! sewing circles in every day of the week, except Sunday. Besides these, there was unrecorded toil, which nothing could be known, of individuals, or of domestic organized and faithful, who, without any system or association of this kind, were busy. A certain formality and precision which belongs to societies and associations, and which, perhaps, was a wheel in a complicated machine, but its restrictions must be denied by its relations to its fellow wheels. Christian labor, unrestricted, was made to be supported, but to supplement and assist, the labors of societies. Many were the cases of service so needful as any single features of the war. In no case was there more need of the individual care for their soldiers created in so wonderful an extent as in the case of the Massachusetts regiments from citizens, disbursed during four years, of which the State had a redundant population, and raised in an unexpected quarter.

"Rose," said her mother, "I am glad you are going. You are the very one to go. You could go far."

"Well," said Agnes Howell, with a look of mingled amusement, "I have heard a good deal about the singularities of the Wentworths, but I never knew them all! I wonder what will come next?"

"Why, Agnes! What is there so remarkable in a woman's going to hospitals to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers?"

"Of course women ought to go," said Agnie, "But I don't think it the place for young and pretty girls! I shall never have little likes of what soldiers are, or get many fits in."

"But somebody must go," said Rose, smiling at Agnes's earnestness.

"To be sure there must. But homely folks aren't all dead yet, nor old folks, nor middle-aged folks either, and you are used up in the war, in his own time and manner, regard upon her path before her.

With her mother she did not speak of her intentions. To her father she disclosed her wishes, and when his natural shrinking from the thought of her cold and exposure were overcome, he began to ask Rose in her preparation. He placed in her hands works or parts of works that would give her such general knowledge of physiology and of therapeutics as would furnish a proper basis for their study. In connection with these, he put into her hands books on domestic economy, surgery, the particularly on the treatment of diseases, and on nursing. Such a library was unquestionably for general reading, but it was simulated to the highest degree. Rose was enchanted by the prospect of the intellectual interest, and brought to the study of medicine an enthusiasm which overwhelmed a tact and delicacy with few modern schools possess.

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"THERE IS NO GUESS SUCH WAY AS GUESS"—"WE STOOD DOWNY AND WE 'LOOK INTO THE SEPULCHRE.'"

"Do you mean to say, Miss Rose, that you are going to—enlighten you are thinking within an hour, except a few minutes set as he made, and come down to see to the tea, as if she were merely home getting ready for the prayer meeting. She said nothing further on the subject. In the conversation, save to Rose:

"I am all ready. You can start when you please."

It was Wednesday on which this scene occurred. On Friday Agnes Howell was fixed as the day for departure. Agnes, though ready, slightly put off, to leave, was in the glow of the respite, chiefly due, to leave, was in the afternoon she would have become on the next Sabbath the only conspicuous member of attending the female prayer meeting.

Let us take part on the meeting.

In a small room, about three in the afternoon, a few unmoved nine women, every one of them believers, except Agnes Howell.

Polly Mattie was there, with her great spectacles encased up on her withered face, as if the sun had used them as lenses and dried every particle of moisture out of the tissues of them. One or two others were melancholy with silent sorrow, plain farmers' or their cheeks' wives, who had evidently struggled hard with poverty. Mrs. Perkins was there, sharp also, who forbidden out people's sins was not a soul acquainted with misfortune, and was most active. In action she was ready with her tongue, and in prayer she was not ready with her limit to revive. No one in trouble could ever have been sent to her prayer, or placed for the part of Rose, while her best solitary incitement. When any wickedness had been done in town she was sure to have every liberty in prayer to the next morning. There is no end to variety in matters. She is exceedingly sinful, and we may as well out with it, and have done with it, for she is sinful and sorry and all that sort of thing."

Mrs. Taft was there, as sweet as twilight in June. She was like a Summer evening, full of peace and sleep. She was round, rosy, and cheerful. There was a calm about her that every one knew, which nothing could ruffle or disturb. Trouble and Mrs. Taft were at war. Trouble had tried it, but her round, rosy face smiled on. Age now was trying it, but though it could dry up the hair, change its color, and make it sprinkled and gray like the stone, it did not get on with the face. That was sunshine all day very much as it did at twenty-five.

Mrs. Coulter came unfailingly to prayer-meeting—I could never tell why; for, as soon as the solemn exercises were over and conversation began, she dropped asleep. She waked easily—waked to kneel down, and waked to rise up again. She was always asked to pray, and always said, in a sweet voice, "No, I thank you." So much for externals. There is another side.

A mother in praying. Rose here is spread the other World and the blessing Saviour. She is praying for children, meaning her own. Her heart is deep. Her love in the whole treasure of her life. She believes her children in danger of eternal ruin. She is imploring succor. Listen, as her voice, low and tremulous, rises with the intensity of feeling, and grows musical. Listen! as her emotions swell, how sometimes she solves in passionless feeling, tears fall, and sobs are uttered, and low sighs on every side attest the sympathy. Respect such a scene! Respect is a poor and barren word for such fervor of faith and fidelity of love.

And now Agnes prays. She has imparted to her friends her impending journey and prayer. Her heart is full. There is not a word in her prayer but prays for the country and for the cause of God. She prays for the sick of a friend family in which she stays, and dying; and all is gotten to minister to their needs. She may be wise in directing dying students to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. As she proceeds with her prayer, it is gone. At last she is dressed, her hair has been shaken down over her forehead, and she is in the attitude of a sister before God. Her words rise in power and dignity. She is no longer the daughter of the Old Testament. She seems greater than woman—some prophetess returned to our days—with wealth of affection and chastened humility. She pours out her innermost feelings before her Redeemer; and so real is it, that, standing, as I do, and hearing, I shall expect to see the clouds part and the celestial vision appear. Ah! when womanly hearts become imbued in the presence of their God, he must be benumbed indeed who remembers their petitions. Their prayer, angular forms, their ungraceful ways, which under habitual modes are giving utterance to the very passionateness of love and worship! Few prayers we ever hear so near to heaven as these. Christian wives and mothers pray for their families.

When Agnie returned home there was with-drawal in the house. Mr. Wentworth was in his usual feeling that she had enjoyed her prayer. Rose was in her room and Agnie was in the reverend case. Her father was not only to leave home on the day of her departure, but a pavilion where she was bidden till the morning of the past.

There were two surprises in reserve for Rose before she left. Miss Calkham came on Saturday night, as she had promised, to spend the Sabbath with Rose on this night she was visited with a pain in the side, which she had never felt before in her life.

Washington with his regiment. He expected, however, to be with the regiment on the day of the consecrating of one of the new regiments. Frank was to be with his lieutenant colonel.

"Then you have met letters?" said Rose.

"Yes. No one knows that I have reached Washington, he knew nothing of Arthur's death? I wrote letters to my friend of Arthur. I would be sure, more than if he were a brother. How strange it seems, when you have had a great sorrow, and months have passed until you begin to grow used to it, to see it break upon others, as this news did on Sarah, as if it had just happened, and all the freshness and overwhelming of your sorrow comes back to you in an echo from another heart!"

While they thus sat in the open door, talking of the loved and absent, and tender with them blending down deeply in the silence of the night, Rose's mother, who had been in the room, came to rejoin her one of the trees in the moonlight, and Rose, with her usual sympathy, felt intimate with her mother's feelings, and was about to follow her when Agnes, who had been silent, and few strains there are that surpass it in sweetness, exclaimed this evening with a voice of unusual power and compass. To-night it seemed more than usually rich. Rose stopped to hear. She lingered and paused with her eye. At first she sat pleased with the song, giving to expression that was intended, it gave new force to its end. Now, grave and solemn, it changed its character, and was so sad, so sad, that Rose, who had already shuddered at her self, was overwhelmed. It seemed to Rose to say, "The night before the battle. Agnes! Is it to be burned? Am I forsaken?" It grew dark together. Rose's heart sank. She felt as if some terror as if there was nothing left to sing for. There was silence in the room when the song ceased. Rose too became silent and thoughtful. Agnes was the first to speak.

"Colonel Calkham! Who would have dreamed that the old ranger days there, with so much silence, and he was so shy and yet so bold, that he would ever come to this? And he would be in the army hospitals! I did not see him, Rose, before he left. You would have liked him well, but I shall be in Washington. This is playing at hide-and-seek."

Alice had something else to tell; but, as if she knew that she was not to speak, she was waited till the evening was spent, and they were all assembled in the parlor. Rose, sitting by her mother, was pleased to hear Agnes's song once more carefully, and yet mechanically, with just a touch of sadness.

"Rose, won't you tell any body if I will tell you something?"

"Of course not, if it is a secret."

"Well, it is a secret, and it is not," said Agnie. Father has consented; and as soon as I am ready for my journey, I shall come to see you. I shall be with you all the next Spring. Then, if the war is not over, I shall go to Washington. I am sure that the Sanitary Commission and John you. And then I shall see Frank and Arthur. I am glad that I Agnie can find out that he can do something to help the soldiers. I am sick to death with the Winter and come out in the Spring with a rush."

"Agnes, if their lives had ever been, it was a joy to Rose that you were to be with Arthur's mother. Though some months were to elapse before Alice could come to Norwood, it would be a joy to have become used to the work, and could remain by way for Alice.

Meanwhile, sewn by Florence Nightingale brought forth a plentiful harvest in America. Sanitary commissions were established were found Wherever hospitals and devotion who gave their time to ministrations of mercy. They came Rose to ambulance in society yet to be known from every institution to be said, that women from circles of wealth and refinement had in this merciful crusade.

Mrs. Wentworth, with maternal anxiety, would have overclouded our pilgrims with premonitions. Agnie Howell, however, rallied all help.

"Why, Mrs. Wentworth, we are not going where fine clothes will do us any good. Few

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tlings and strong, are all we want. When they are used up we'll send for more."

"She is right," said Dr. Wentworth. "A life among fold hospitals is as near a total revulsion of ordinary experience as can be conceived. It will be a spectacle of Christian self-denial going down to the very border of savage life on the errand of love. Now, Rose, you are walking in His way footsteps," who, though rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich". Grow joy is before you if you go in that spirit. But it is a serious matter to common folk—the very joy of self-sacrificing Benevolence—but what is Agnes doing to win her her needle, Rose ?"

"Well, father, it may be called a Paradise of Pockets; otherwise, nursing sprees."

"You may laugh now," said Agnes, very composedly, "but when we go into the field, and leave the ranch, with more every-day sense and plain or wounded, you will find these sprees better than laughing a crying about."

There were pockets on the sides and pockets on the front, pockets low down and pockets high up, pockets for thread and needles, pockets for bottles, pills, and small things, pockets for small rolls of bandages and lint—pockets for knives, scissors, and comb and brushes, a pocket for vials and one for a good brandy flask.

The coats may be described as a complete of small tags, so arranged that the wearer, if strong enough to stand up under the load, could carry in it a reasonable supply of comforts and necessaries for a small household.

Although the doctor made merry over Agnes's contrivances, he admired her capacity for providing the nature of her work.

"It is not every one who has served in a campaign that is so well instructed as Agnes seems to be in the requirements of the coming service."

"Anybody that ever did any nursing knows Agnes, 'you imagine pretty well," said Rose, with a shake. "In the hospitals a corps of nurses have everything provided. But in the fields I guess we shall have to provide for ourselves—at any rate a good part of the time. It's better to have them taking and not wanted than to be wanted when you get there and not have them."

Dr. Basil, on the last Sunday before the little party started, here them in prayer, that they forever and tenderness with which he prayed for all who went forth in answer the needs of battle-field showed that his thoughts were with Agnes and Rose. Indeed, though old life usually spent the Sabbath evening with the Wentworths. Although they were to leave in a few days, there was nothing to tempt Agnis to the Basil work on Sunday. She was not a society girl, and with her Sunday-school class as well provided for if there had been no other reason for going on, and by ten o'clock on Saturday night the last stitch had been taken and the last string tied, everything was packed and laid ready for early departure on Monday.

"Why, Agnes," said Mrs. Wentworth, "you will work on Sundays, shall you not, when you are in the field?"

"I suppose I shall. Works of necessity and of mercy are proper on Sunday, and while we live at home and have the whole week in Greenleaves there need not be many works left over for Sunday—not if they have any conscience about it. But I think necessity will make the Sunday a kind of rubbish-day. They more up all the little odds and ends, through the week that we won't pay, and then on Sunday call 'em works of necessity and mercy. I call 'em nothing but laziness. Anybody that wants to keep Sunday to the Lord, will keep an eye on it by the week. My opinion is, that the reason why folks don't keep Sunday is, that they don't know what it is to have a day full of real peace, up to the brim, from morning to night, and every minute with a smell on," said Dr. Wentworth in his will, with underscore, and in an infinitive way. "Before Agnis gets back she will have learned something about the world; but the mistakes of other people don't learn something about a real plain New England woman." And the old man nodded his head with the good sense to win so much sense and goodness."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Wentworth, with a slight cast of her eye at the other side of the room, "some other people are not of your mind."

"What?" said the doctor, "who don't mean——"

I don't mean—but I think Dr. Basil does."

Why will people try into other people's business? There sat Dr. Basil perfectly unconscious of another saying soft things to Agnis our ears—so unconscious that he did not even know was to commit Agnis, within the last quarter of an hour, respecting the religious interests of the parish; and any sinister might have risen from the lips of Mr. Her judgment was worth any wise man's consideration. Dr. Basil was grateful to her, and expressed his sense of thanks by the confidence with which he stood. Agnis knew it, and as it lingered in his, it was because the good man was growing absent-minded.

When Mrs. Wentworth had slyly hinted to Agnis that Dr. Basil would look after Rose when she was gone, Agnis's manner showed that there was no foundation whatever for the lady's words's by humor. Her cheek flushed slightly, and her eye, with beautiful good reason, sparkled a little, but did not turn away; she looked the doctor's wife full in the face, while she said—

"I know what you mean. He is such thing. The doctor has never said a word to me that any body might not hear, and have no ideas about it, anyhow."

"About what, Agnis?" said Mrs. Wentworth, in the most innocent manner. "Rose asked who ?"

Agnis walked out of the room with some explosion in her movement; yet her principles enabled her to keep good-natured.

On Sunday they left for Washington, to enter upon their new and strange duties.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A NEW LIFE.

It was indeed a new life to Rose more than to Agnis; for Rose's life had been torn with boisterous and more with sentiment, while Agnis had been trained to practical affairs. There was a hospital in Washington which had suffered from the incompetency and bad faith of nurses and agents. After a few weeks the medical director of the Department was glad to have Agnis and Basil there as superintendent and matron, while Rose became her assistant.

Agnis's entrance upon her duties was the signal of alarm among a multitude of unworthy attendants. It can be likened to nothing more than the entrance of a conscientious cat into a house where rats and mice have had unmolested liberty. There was racing and scampering, hiding and peeping out of holes, and many a squeaking; but, one by one, each culprit was surprised and dismissed, to the great comfort and stillness of the household.

Hospital stores were no longer squandered nor consumed by nurses and attendants. Wines and brandies now found their way oftener to the wounded than to those who waited on them. The hospital diet suddenly improved in quality, in regularity, and in a certain feminine neatness and refinement.

"Lucy, Jim, there's a new hand at the bellows in this shop,—we never had things after this in this!"

"That's to; the old 'un is a cuph. I tell ye she drills 'em, she does. When the first come and I heard her drassin' down upon the nurses, I thought we'd got a tartar. Lord bless her, though, when she comes to the sick 'uns—you'd think she's ten months rolled into one."

"This is the first time," weakly sighed a mere shadow of a man, on the next cushion, "that any thing has tasted good since I got here."

Agnis's tact of character had the eagerness of the nursing instinct. She brought everything to order. She established a method for all things, and compelled its observance, or dismissed the refractory. She stood very little upon ceremony. She expressed her opinion upon persons just as unhesitatingly as upon things. Every day her heart yearned more and more for "her boys," as she called the patients. In a monthly time a perfect revolution had taken place. The hospital, which was the very worst, had risen to become a model. She did not confine her labors to her subordinates. She had been a long while in Washington not to know what conscientious medical practice was. She rebuked the nonchalant surgeons when they neglected their proper duties. She became familiar with the cases that they determined to cure her. She helped on that purpose. One morning she found out that, though it was eleven o'clock, no special visit had been made to a case of the worst gangrene of the assistant surgeon in charge having been on a spree the night before. He was always off on his drunkenness. When at length he came, Agnes confronted him with eyes that made him seem pleasant for him to look upon. With a few words, terribly coherent, she brought the blood to his cheeks.

"I will report you, sir," she said, "to the medical commissary," which she made her way to the first floor.

Before the surgeon, with fill consternation, had left the ward, he was followed by the nurse, who, with

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THE WEDDING-RING.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Mes, love, this shining ring I hold,
In which our fortunes blend,
Within its narrow round I fold
My dearest gift and friend.
In mute surprise, with half a smile
You turn your eyes on me:
I answer, like the ring in style
May our affection be.

Are your eyes dull and over heavy
Our married life may bring,
With little in them of light
As this bright shining ring:
Or do they, like the sea,
Be from the clouds come forth
Blessed of all dreamers
So may our love through all-long years
Each ardent endure,
And by affection's touch be made
More beautiful and pure.

This simple ring seems to me,
With arm's device is wrought;
The round of wedded lovers is free
From ever-ending thought.
Love, without end, we swear in mine
No ruse in it will gain;
So should our love shine always bright
As this our wedding ring.
And were it by some cunning hand
To thinnest sundered,
A goodly sum of brass and gold
Would still be found to yield;
And so, in fact of truthful sum,
Should we God's law observe—
Nay, let me rather say, this golden drop,
Not turn your heart away.

THE SPIRITUAL CIRCLE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"All things come round to him who will but wait."

Eve Ellis had one special and intense desire. There was nothing unnatural in this desire, or unusual in the form in which it assumed it. A person must be characterless, indeed, who has no desires, for desires are the things attainable by the unattainable.

Eve was not one of those negative characters who scarcely change the current of their lives, but resolutely exercises its efforts to find, and, if necessary, create, congenial spheres. Her efforts were not always successful, but the energy and power of her purpose, though some persons may have thought them altogether disproportionate to the object seemingly desired. The game was not worth the candle, in the estimation of these people, and the purpose not worth the vital energy wasted upon it.

But it is time the purpose were mentioned, and then everybody enabled to exercise his own judgment and his own opinion upon this point. Eve Ellis wanted a husband, desired to marry.

Eve's parents had died, both of them when she was a child. Her father died, and mother had melted out of sight, like a white snow wreath before April, and was only able to receive the fleeting impression of that mother's individuality. Her gay, handsome, somewhat dissipated father, had (fortunately we may perhaps be permitted to say) followed her to the land that is neither the inheritance of his child. She had grown to womanhood under the guardianship of her late father's men of business and lawyer, and with large possessions of money were also the cause of age, which period of fruition had been attained about three years previous to the opening of our sketch. A handsome suite of apartments had been secured for her, within the left school, in the home of a highly respectable family. She had her own work of her guardianship. She had never enjoyed the sympathy of persons of congenial tastes, habits, and modes of thought, therefore she only vaguely missed it in this sphere of her life. She had not as much alone, as she had looked for in other spheres, and yet she looked beneath the same surroundings and found more, and when all the ages of twenty-one bargained-in legal duties ended, her estate and herself began to make form. She wanted a home, a real home, not the cold miscarriage of a home she wanted that something which should represent love, sympathy, care, and protection.

Eve was no nerve romantic, sentimental girl. She was twenty-three years old. Her habits were high and pure. No unworthy thought had ever crossed the sentiment of her intellectual soul.

She walked "in maiden meditation fancy free," so far as individual was concerned. No one suspected the desire at which I have hinted. There was no one to warn her, no one to direct. The danger was unknown, unguessed by her, and she pursued her purpose unconsciously with the unbroken calmness which consciousness of the perfect purity of her motives imparted.

Eve was a good deal into society under the chaperonage of the wife of her former guardian, now her friend and man of business. Of course she met many people, and made many acquaintances, but she had no intimates of either sex, and eschewed confidences and flirtations. Every lady, though always my accompanying her, saw no evidences of her desire, and, in accordance with the rest of the world, called her cold, and let her down as a predestined "old maid." The lady sometimes, indeed, found the calm spectator of Miss Ellis intolerable, and wished that she would show some sign of weakness, some token of human participation. Elderly ladies often rather prefer gentlemen in the capacity of the brilliant young ladies under their charge, than to be abandoned to the tender mercies of a boy in pinafores and face accosted to their gentle charms.

And yet it was here intimated that Eve Ellis pursued her object with energy.

And she knew of the spiritual mould of ordinary girls she would have ere this been stigmatized as a hopeless banner through making her desires too evident. As she was constituted, not even her own, unconscious fortune—love—was to come—attracted the usual crowd of fortune hunters. Matters so had, undoubtedly. She was pretty enough to ensure this even without the fortune, but there was not without the potency of the usual charm of such belongings. But her quiet manner, her utter want of the triumphant exultation with which the ordinary girl receives such attentions, and exhibits them all to her personal dossets of beauty or brilliancy, soon cleared the circle, and let in the unobstructed free air upon her surroundings.

She was in a sense inexperienced; she longed for love and sympathy, and she adored goodness. Something, inherent or gained, unrelated stamp, detected imperfections, before her. This extra sense, this abnormal detector, was her shield, and gradually the men who loved her fortune only, or coveted her calm pensive beauty, received standard before the simple questioning of her glance, or the quiet reserve of her high-bred manner

And yet she was energetic in the pursuance of her plan. To be sure it was but vaguely pursued, for the efforts were like itself baby organized, unsystematic. At the time of which I write a new element had been introduced into it, one, though she did not suspect it, involved discord.

Mrs Ellis went out, and received visits of which Mrs. Lewes had no suspicion. Her motive in this concealment had no wrong. She had been invited, at first, in an unexpected manner, to attend a spiritual séance, and was, all unbelieving, into the midst of the charmed circle. If there was a mystery to detect it was there. There was a seeming simplicity and honest seeking for truth that disarmed the suspicions, if she had ever entertained any. She was fascinated by the silent, grave power of the circle. She had fired so apart from the ties of worldly kindred that a new spiritual sympathy filled she should seek counsel and help from the mother no longer stirred or an influence over her, and she was brought into what seemed direct and loving communication with her.

This had now continued some time. Her faith in the circle was constant. Here she found sympathy in her present pursuits, whatever they might be. Love was sought and found of any mystery they might contain, or attempted to penetrate the veil between the finite and the unknown desires, was very precious to the lonely girl. The spiritual sympathy, the social interest, she believed was felt in her by unseen friends, was beautiful and soothing.

Her communications came chiefly from her mother, and the messages received with her spirit trust. They began to control her actions and shape her course. At last the nature of their influence could no longer be concealed, and the opposition of her friends, if not open, was positive.

She no longer felt pleasure in society, and its circles were distasteful to her. And then the secret of her intimations, once fathomed by a curious acquaintance, the subject was discussed, and even those who dared to use this discovery to forward their own purposes failed.

Hitherto the influence of her new belief had been soothing and full of calmness. She was no longer lonely, since beings freed from every earthly desire, and therefore in a higher sphere of existence, blindly and lovingly came to her in the hour of solitude. She was blessed in the blessed magnetism of the circle, and even amid all the varying, and, to some, queer life, which beside her unseen but not unfelt, and making itself known to her through the circle, was a narrowing dictation and restraint, hinder you from the light and beauty of the spirit of the world of unclosures. You will be able to lend a large hand to help those who are less favored than your followers of our creed. To no object so good as beneficence, and you must not be selfish. Wed. To the discipline of this creed, to singular, and unnatural as it seemed to her, she submitted by their pure efforts for its spread, to secure the most holy influences, and to receive what they think and bless you."

The calm, loving, and such words as these formed the staple of the communications. They were the nourishment of the spiritual life, and of the unseen friend whose ideas she often declared were in advance of her own attainments. That she accomplished this while fed, and clothed, and sheltered by the gifts of the body, says afforded no clue to the translation of the words received from the spirit.

And now, as I have said, the nature of these communications had become so changed as to unconsciously they refrained the praise of a married life, and advised her to choose a husband. It is quite her fate with that of some professionals by the friends, whose interests in her welfare they are should make a willing captive of her imaginary spirit friends.

Of course this change was gradual. It seemed to her, as it would to any other student, the natural, unpreordained progress of knowledge. The deepened needless for them to be confined to the strict rules and limitations of earthly wisdom, while their flashing followers scarcely expect, from these a more perfect knowledge of the laws and modes of being.

But Eve did not longer say doubts. How could she doubt the mother whose love had so long survived the grave, and who was so full of happy? And now, with brief wonder at her own blindness, she began to watch the new influences which stirred so perfectly with her ears pended and unquestioning.

Not long before this period a neighbor of Eve's had called upon her, and seemed so much pleased to appreciate the blessedness of spiritual intercourse, that she had invited him in the society she formerly frequented, but she had not encouraged the visits of the new acquaintance in his favor. Now he was changed. He appeared among the circle of her friends, and fully cautioned of the truths of his newly-found faith, and, as the circle commanded them, then oftener, as some new and astounding demonstration of spiritual power, or intimate conversation, till, at last, the learned to regard his visits as matters of right, and to watch for the dent and painful solicitude that hung over him.

It is not difficult to see how he came to occupy a new position that animated her. He was not well regarded by the circle, and he appeared to have shunned him there. Here he appeared in the light of a martyr, and his sufferings in the cause of truth claimed her sympathy.

And now the medium began to find and teach a new application of the communications daily proclaimed for Eve's benefit. "Her mother was anxious for her happiness in a married marry. Had she observed when the first communication to that effect was received that she connect it with no person or event? Her mother's spiritual guardians were not aware of her own (the medium's) part, she could not refrain from expressing it. Eve Ellis, in her own heart must tell her who. Would she obey this leading implicitly?

So, day by day, the lesson fell upon Eve's ear, a persuasive, sympathetic land, and often broken-ary attentions, strengthened the impression, till at last Eve believed she loved; and with that strange infatuation of self-sacrifice to which so many, often the noblest, women have been themselves, Eve allowed herself to listen, assent, and fall a victim.

She had not become engaged to Willis. The question of marriage had been resolved upon but the words which were to make the matter final had not been spoken, when two or three of those events which we see to prone to call accidents almost simultaneously occurred to set her free.

She was at the circle. A communication from her mother had warned her that soon the proper time for her final decision to be made known would be fashioned. As she leaned back in her chair, filling hopes and fears passed across her face, and, in a feeling, spirit sense, communed with the fate which the spirits seemed to indicate for her, gained strength as she mused. The medium's hand was in her lap in Eve's right. Suddenly another hand was protruded and came fully moved. It was a man's hand, and by its position during the evening in an air of rest. It dropped a note into the medium's, which that person instantly received. Some folded hands notes were extracted, and almost immediately it was announced that some spirit had delivered a note to the medium, and it was triumphantly produced. It purported, under the usual formula, and fixed upon the following day for the importation of Mrs. Lewes's Willis's favor. His eyes gleamed with exultation. Eve's were downcast and her cheek pale, but she was silent. She could, at all once comprehended the enormity of the application. Willis had accompanied the bome, and found her strangely silent. She would not explain her his answer on the following day.

That same night she still sat at her window broad awake. Some young men passing, in love with the beauty of the house in her residence.

"Eve Ellis, the heiress!" inquired one, evidently a stranger.

"Eve Ellis now," was the laughing reply.

"No disappointment to the one," another replied.

"No doubt of that, for Willis always succeeds in his undertakings. He has not escaped the direct spiritual circle and got the medium under his own influence."

Another laugh arose from the group, and they passed on out of hearing.

Eve had left Charlie. The basket was there, and a piece of cake he had been eating, but the boy was gone. She called him, but he did not answer, and I run like one mad down to the gate. He wasn't there. Then I got up to the house somehow. Aunt was at the kitchen window. I remember she was the one I met. And there was blood on my hair and face, it seems.

"Where's Charlie?" I says she.

Then I knew he had not come home. But I asked them, and they answered, and we hunted the house up and down. Mrs. Grenoble was in bed in her own room. Aunt answered for her, but never told her what she was looking for.

"Charlie, Charlie, until we found him," I remember said.

It was almost crazy by this time, but I had one hope. Perhaps the cake boys had taken him home. I went, and found Mrs. Grey, Charlie's nurse, ran away and told. But I held their father at the story, and he hastened home and I dogged them. After the flogging, one owned to lifting me to the wall of the garden, and then had seen Charlie. I believe they told them much then. So there was nothing left to do but to tell Mr. and Mrs. Grenoble.

Mrs. Grey was Grenoble to death. Some young had carried him away, the child says. But Mrs. Grenoble was not without hope. He made much he was drowned. He did not tell his wife so, but he had the river dragged, and stood on the bank all night, with a lantern with a face I never can forget—a white, awful face.

Mrs. Grenoble had cried—

"Why did you leave my darling for a writhing thing?"

But he said:

"I shall never blame you, Sesty. There is a fate in it. It is not your fault."

Then I knew that the terrible blow was dealt. I liked me and blamed me. He knew the truth, and I knew.

Oh I came very near dying of grief then, though I was only a child, and not quite ten.

But three days passed, and, dead or alive, little Charlie was not found, and I was not sent out to their wife. And at last aunt put me to bed by force.

"I do still," says she, "and say your prayers, and sleep. It is your duty."

So there she left me, locking me in.

I knelt down by the bed, with a window overlooked almost. I never shall forget it. The moon was coming in bright and golden, as though no one was grieved or troubled in all the world. And I remember I looked at it, and I thought of the Madonna and child, just a coarse print, that Grenoble's nurse from, that aunt bought for more it looked, she said, like Mrs. Grenoble and Charlie. And I thought of that.

And thinking of the picture, and how Charlie was gone, and how I was "Sesty," trying to say the usual nightly prayer, and being so weary, I fell asleep on my knees.

I never knew how long I slept. I was a window overlooked almost. I never shall forget it. The moon was coming in bright and golden, as though no one was grieved or troubled in all the world. And I remember I looked at it, and I thought of the Madonna and child, just a coarse print, that Grenoble's nurse from, that aunt bought for more it looked, she said, like Mrs. Grenoble and Charlie. And I thought of that.

And thinking of the picture, and how Charlie was gone, and how I was "Sesty," trying to say the usual nightly prayer, and being so weary, I fell asleep on my knees.

I never knew how long I slept. I was a little arose at eleven, and she was high and bright when I opened my eyes again.

There always was something queer and ghastly in the moonlight to me, and I thought maybe it was that that made the blood in my veins seem to run cold and put tingling in them as it did once when I had a child. And then I found I could not move my feet, and that the pain and cold not. I could just turn my arms, and I remembered, and threw all the feet of my body round Charlie. Not the real, living Charlie, I knew in a minute, but the dead one. His face was wet, and hung down over his shoulders, and his hands were wet, too. He held out his hands to me. "I want to get home," he said, "and I shall be. That's the reason I'm here."

I wanted to ask "what bridge," and he answered me as though I had spoken. "The bridge with big stones," he said. "One of them keeps me down. I can't get home. I'm here, and I'm dead. I'm there, drowned. I want to the stone off. Then I can. Yes, papa will deal as he goes there, under the stones, where the great rocks. Ugh, I want to be home. Take me, papa."

It seemed as though I should die. I tried to scream, and at last I did so, and I found I could move. I remember I was on my feet, and I had Charlie, standing there with his white hands held to me, and his hair over his shoulders; and then I only caught the air; he was gone. And aunt, hearing me shriek, had come in and found me, her all I had seen.

I was ill after dreaming, and had a night. But I could not tell anyone. But I did. I told Mr. Grenoble.

He like him to come to the house, and I was best and went to the bridge, three miles below, with great rigs, and there—it's the truth—they could I he about such a scream thing!—there was the body of Charlie, with a big stone on the top of the bridge and some tall grass underneath, and somehow fastened to this little body.

"Just as he told you, Sesty," said Mr. Grenoble, and he cried over the words. Who told me? did he! Our master says God sent me a dream. I don't know, but I remember I was ill, and not dreaming.

I think of it oftener than any one else, perhaps; for Mrs. Grenoble died that autumn, she and her father, and he has married again and had other children. And I am still only a poor nurse-maid, and have never loved any little child since as I loved poor drowned Charlie.

FORETIME.—To preserve equanimity of temper, when insulted by the insults of calumny and malice, requires such an extraordinary degree of fortitude and passive courage as few individuals possess.

WIT AND HUMOR.

ANECDOTE OF JOSEPH THE SECOND.—Joseph received the appointment of Chief Inspector to the accommodation of an elephant. Several noblemen applied for this confectionery. On accompanying to the emperor that to this proceeding there was no partial passive act, to which they might acquiesce with their equals. Joseph replied, "Gentlemen, on the day of the elephant's arrival, I do I would I not be obliged to demand into the vaults of the imperial house, under the cognizance of the Chief Inspector, some with the emperor."

CONCENTRATED.—While walking down Broadway a few days since, we heard a most astonishing cursing ble ill luck to a most obstreperous manner. Curiosity led us to inquire why he "said so," and he replied that he had been to a boot-store and could not find anything to suit him. "Why," said he, "I went in the morning after the store was open, and the first pair I tried on fitted me like a glove, and I bought them. Well, I went to the store again, and they had not got exactly what I then considered pleasing hard enough to drawn an elephant."

FRAMING.—Grimgold, the son of a fisherman, a prison in a rich abbey in Florence, had a set upon every day on the wharf of his apartment, to [illegible] he said, in mind of his origin. The strict observance of this characteristic humility procured him the appointment; and the jest was used no more. A friend one day asked him, "Why, Grimgold, do you keep this apartment, said, "Where is the bed?" "There is no further occasion for the rat," replied Grimgold, "since I have the cat."

UNDERSTOOD.—A Frenchman assured one of our friends that he could understand as well as write at the seller's dear price. "For instance," said he, "if I see a sign over a door, with a boot and shoe and pencil a pair of silver buskins, I asked aswin cobbler lives here." "Yes," said the Frenchman, "I understand very well, and I give you five."

HUMOUR.—The father of an interesting family in the West End was not long since engaged by one newspaper which he had ever allowed himself or family to be without, and which he could not afford not the expense. This man chews up fourteen dollars worth and sixty cents worth of tobacco every day.

PROMISING YOUTH.—Mr. Cobbs, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, has a promising youth of [illegible] to the following wise: "He can be identified by the fact that he has a scar on his left cheek, and a wart on his right, which are the only marks on him without skinning twenty feathers."

THE TRUE TEST.—A Scotch lawyer, a bitter of the college, lecturing a young man on his irregular conduct, said, "Sir, you will never be worthy of your vices will bring your father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." "Sir," replied the young man, "I regret the grief, but my father wears a wig."

A FEELING EXPRESSION.—A Maine editor says: "A lady met a man who was carrying his hands in his pockets, and said to him, 'Sir, you have lost your hands.' 'Yes,' said he, 'I have lost them in the cause of the Union.' 'Sir,' said the lady, 'I have lost that he had no feeling in it.'

A REBUKE IN SPEECH.—A gentleman, "unconscionably tossed to public speaking," becoming embarrassed, commenced with "Ladies and gentlemen—gentlemen and ladies—I mean—I—I—I—" Here he stopped, and was relieved by a lady, who, in a whisper, said, "Sir, you have now lying near Lyons, France, under one cool, and not remarried." He bowed, and continued.

A MALICIOUS correspondent tells of a young man of one of the wedding places who has been "selected" for five seasons.

A CHANGE.—Lawyer.—"Poor fortunes, have been plain piece of risky and go this with page 24 of Blackstone."

"I'll be round this way in a minute," as the second hand said to the minute hand.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A GENTLEMAN living in Sands street, Brooklyn, seems to be an especial favorite with vampires, who visit him in the night-time. A few days since he captured one of his nocturnal visitors and handed it over to the police, who found it to be the cat of another; and a few nights after he had a paid visit from a neighbor's dog, who was also taken charge of.

The Boston paper says that "a colony of porcupines was recently discovered in the woods of Hampton, New Hampshire." Poor New England! Even the porcupines have to live by their quills.

FRENCHMAN OF LOWER Canada, considering his expenses too great, deliberately killed himself in order to get rid of them. Suicides are by no means unusual, of enabling him to "lay up a little something" for a rainy day, in the shape of a coffin in the neighborhood of the undertaker's establishment.

A MAN was seen to leap into the East River, from the foot of Thirty-first street, one day last week, and was rescued by a boat-man in the employ of Mr. Ellis. His body was recovered and identified as that of a man who had been missing from his residence in Jersey City for two days, and who had left a letter behind him announcing his intention of committing suicide.

In the United States Bankrupt Court in Dayton, Ohio, recently, the case of Hiram Lewis, an applicant had was a young lady who obtained a verdict for five thousand dollars against him for breach of promise of marriage. This claim the would not allow.

A valuable horse, belonging to a farmer in Adams county, Pa., was recently poisoned by a rival in a racecourse, and died in fifty minutes, in terrible agony. The rival was arrested, and bailed in the sum of $10,000 to answer the charge of murder.

A farmer in Iowa hearing a disturbance in the pig pen one morning, went out to see what was the matter, and found a large black bear making free with his pork barrel. The bear saw him at the side, and killed the bear after a short chase.

The Fifteenth Assembly District of the Fulton street Sons-day Temperance Meeting was held last week. It is stated that fourteen of the speakers, besides a number of singular interest, have occurred at these meetings during the past year.

During a collision between two sloops on Lake Champlain, a few days since, one of the crew was thrown overboard, and drowned. The collision was caused by a mistake in the course.

A PEEPSCORTER in Bristol, England, who brought a complaint against a "peeping Tom," was asked by the magistrate her very property sent to a music asylum, to which she replied that he was afraid to be sent to the [illegible].

A woman about forty years old, sick and apparently dying, was found in a vacant lot in South Brooklyn, a few days since. She said she had no home or friends, and was taken to the Long Island Hospital.

A French man of the Second Empire, who had been ruined by something as one of his pieces which attended the Empress Eugenie, got rid of his misery by blowing him from playing again in the presence of any of the nobility.

Fanny being regarded as an unlucky day in Paris, 2,000 persons less than usual ride on the omnibuses in that city on that day.

Five of the Viennese waiter-girls at the Paris Exposition have secured rich or titled husbands.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1877.

No Traveling Agents.—We employ no traveling agents. Persons representing themselves to be such are an imposition upon the public.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. X.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCES IN NEW YORK.

Resisting Schenectady from Buffalo by line-boat—my sixth and last journey on "the raging canal"—I debarked about 4 P. M., and took the turnpike for Albany. I think I arrived between the two stiff fights and that my luggage was completed soon afterward; but not a mile of true track was then operated in the State, if its fiery reproaches in America, save the little mile-and-a-half intended to freight granite from the quarry at Quincy, Mass., to Boston. Night fell when I was about half way over; so I fought rest in one or the many indifferent taverns that then lined the turnpike in question, and was directed to sleep in an attic-room through which people were now passing only; I declined. And gathering up my handful of portables, walked on. Half a mile further I found another tavern, not quite so inhospitable, and managed to stay in it till morning; when I rose and walked on as I was busy. Having never been in that vicinity, I missed the nearest way to the day-boat, and when I reached the landing, it was two or three lengths on its way to New York, having left at 7 A. M. I had no choice but to wait for another, which started at 10 A. M., having a barge on either side, and reached next day the Canal-basin, where, I, after a good view of the city as we passed it down the river, was landed, near Whitehall, at 6 A. M.

New York was then about one-third of her present size; but her business was not so much so great as now; and her real size, counting her suburbs, and—considering it as one of thousands who find employment in and earn subsistence here, though residing outside of all nilder weather brought them work again. Its population was not one-fifth that of 1877. No single railroad pointed toward her wharves. Being in search of steam vessels with passengers to her hotels or goods to her warehouses from any foreign port. In the whole world, her relative rank was higher, but her absolute importance was less, than now. Even that of Rio Janeiro or San Francisco is to-day greater than was that of New York in 1831. Indeed on a city of over 30,000 inhabitants, with such a sea-going vessel, her nilter source of nearly half or more than one-half, her foreign or muns and yards, afforded ample incitement to activity and admiration not unlike to that of to-day.

It was, if I recollect aright, the 17th of August, 1831. I was to report still the preceding Saturday; talk, doodle, pale and plain, with no definite aim or purpose, summer clothing worth perhaps as much more, nearly all on my back, and a decent knowledge of so much of the Art of Printing as a boy will usually learn in the office of his father—was-about. But I knew no human being within two hundred miles, and my unmistakably rustic manner and address did not favor that immediate command of remunerating employment which was my most urgent need. However, the world was all before me; my personal estate, tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, did not at all encumber me; and I stepped gaily off the boat and away from the crowd of the densest bus of escaping steam, walking into and up Broad street in quest of a boarding-house. I found and entered one at or near the corner of Wall; but the price of board per week or per week; so I did not need the driver's cardinal suggestion that I would probably pass for one where the charge was more moderate. Something, thence, I reason up hill, to the North River side. I halted next at 168 West street, where the sign of "Boarding" at the boarder offline first my attention. I entered, and was offered shelter and subsistence at $3 per week, which seemed more rational, and I closed the bargain forthwith.

My host was Edward McGlinchy; the place was a large dwelling as boarding-house; but it was usually decently kept; which I thought all in all, and his family were kind and friendly. I regret to add that liquor proved his ruin not many years afterward. My first day in New York was a Friday, and the family, consisting of was Catholic, no meat was eaten or provided, which I understood; but when Sunday evening was celebrated by unlimited card-playing in that same house, my traditions were sorely shocked. But I do not imply that my observances were better or worse than my hosts, but that they were different.

Having breakfasted, I began to ransack the city for work, and, to my legal ignorance, transcript many streets where printing offices could not be found. In the course of that day and the next, however, I must have visited fully two-thirds of the printing-offices on Manhattan Island, without a gleam of success. It was late in summer, when business in New York is habitually dull; and my youth and inexperience and of country greenness must have told against me. Wittig dailed as the *Journal of Commerce*, its editor, Mr. David Hale, bluntly told me I was too many apprentices from some country village, which was a very natural, though unkeason, premonition. I journeyed to my lodging on each day evening, thoroughly weary, disheartened, disgusted with New York, and resolved to take the freedom from my first next morning, while I could still walk and see. Sunday would, indeed, intervene; but its intolerance could furnish no excuse.

But that was not to be. On Sunday afternoon and evening, several young Printers called on Mr. McGlinchy, in their holiday sunnyings about town; and, being told that I was a young printer in quest of work, interested themselves in my affairs, with the unaffected cordiality of their rank. One among them happened to know a place where printers were wanted, and gave me the requisite direction; so that, on visiting the designated spot next morning, I found employment; and then, when boy's three days a resident, I had found employment in New York.

The printing establishment was John T. Watts', over McBlunk & Range's publishing-house, on Chatham street, and the work was at my call simply because no printer who knew the city would accept it. It was the composition of a very small (12mo) New Testament, in double columns, of Agate type, each column barely the sum wide, with a centre column of notes in Pearl, barely 4 ems wide; the text thickly studded with references by Greek and superior letters to the notes, which of course were preceded and discriminated by corresponding italics, with prefatory and supplementary remarks on each Book, not in Pearl, and only paid for as Agate. The type was considerably smaller than my to which I had been accustomed; the narrow measure and thickly-sown Italics of the text, with the strange characters employed as indices, rendered it the most hard by far the most difficult work I had ever undertaken; while the making up, proving, and correcting, twice and even thrice over, preparatory to stereotyping, nearly doubled the time required for ordinary composition. I was never a swift typesetter; I aimed to be an assiduous and correct one; and I thought the work at first looked as though they had thought the chickens-pox, and were in the early stage of a profuse eruption. For the first two or three weeks, being sometimes kept waiting for letter, I scarcely made my board; while, by diligent type-setting through twelve to fourteen hours per day, I was able, as my best, to earn but a dollar per day. As the smaller compositor could be found ready to work on it more than two days, I had this job at one point or another, and I persevered to the end of it. I had removed, very soon after obtaining it, to Mr. Ritner's shoemaker boarding-house at the corner of Chatham and Duane streets, on the opposite side of the way from the printing-office, to keep doing nearly all the time I did not need for meals and sleep. When it was done, I was out of work for a fortnight, in spite of my best efforts to find more; and, attracted by the unlawful spectacle, the stirrings of the Tariff Convention, then in session at the Masonic Hall, on the southeast end of the City Hall Park, and presided over by Hon. William Wilkins, of Pittsburgh, I fell into the habit of spending a part of every day in the gallery of the Hall, and became a pretty constant attendant during the whole session. Of course, where a new work—a commentary on the Book of Genesis, by George Bush—was in progress, and I worked on it throughout. The clairvoyant Davis, whose lucubrations were published in alternations in proof; the page was small and the type large, and I soldom had a hundred ems in printers' jargon, it was not nearly so absorbing a task as the Testament; and I presently found such the end of it. When I did, I was again out of work, and certainly realized an enhanced employment as something else than printing; for I had written a letter to Thurlow Weed, then in New York stagnant to an extent not now conceivable, and he had invited me to call on him. When a "cold snap" of remarkable severity set in, I had no blanket and sat up the greater part of a brand to $15 per ton, while the cost of other accommodations was but a trifle above the most moderate elevation. Our city stood as it besieged by an enemy, and the poor of all sorts suffered some every winter. Mechanics and laborers of all kinds were then comparatively well employed and commanded wages; then on such credit as would to-day be scouted as ridiculous; while all milder weather brought them work again. Journeymen printers' good mechanics did not receive $9 per week in 1831-2, while they are now nominally receiving $18 or $20, though not more than then was. Most may possible be; but Bread is dearer; and our Rents are fabulous. Clothing is cheaper; and our Bills are have enabled Stockholders to pay 10 per cent. dividends on their work without so much as counterbalancing; while the Gas companies, which were then unknown, are now a source of profit and considerable

THE GREAT DUPPER (ursa major.)

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Three stars : O'er the tops of the quivering pines
Ursa Major unchangingly glimmers and shines,
Seven-fays, Southern Cross ! get you under the sea,
For dearer this homely old star shape to me ;
Than Orion's belt, or the Pleiades seven,
Tattoo singing darkeys, the Dipper for me.

I have missed you, dear stars. When the caravan stopped
On the desert, I sat to the tent-door have crept,
And marveled, it seemed the horizon were closer.
The faces so familiar I glimpsed as my own,
Were replaced by no sense such wave tossing more.
Until, to ! nativa skies, where the Dipper was low.

It dawns when my mother was pressing my sleep,
She caught from her window each God-given ray ;
In her hand, but one thought of her child was,
When her lonely chamber rest on the pre-cambler lay.
"Up, Dipper, up, Dipper, and point to the north,
And tell me forever, The Dipper hang low."

It lighted our twin-plight. Along the wild shore
Great waves breaking sobs with a hoarse, hungry roar,
Till Neptune grew timid and came close to me,
That night as we walked all alone by the sea.
We read very plainly the way we should go,
Tho' the night came sooner ! till the Dipper was low.

It shone when in the South we could I hear the wind,
When in trust I had faltered. When thin, He had
doubt.
Left my last hours imperilled, ah, still I recall
The Dipper hung low, and the north star shone all.
And then—oh, ever, from the north's trustless's was
To the calm, patient stars. The Dipper hung low.

And now your sacred tones, a weary old man,
I count up the months that lighten my years
In the past. For the future I wait, only wait
Till the master shall open the heavenward gate,
And I hear the Redeemer on that journey I go
The stars will be shining, the Dipper be low.

* * * * *

- Found dead in the morning.

The cigar in the watcher's hand had been burnt ;
And thus fading flowers on one mantlet,
The soul from its mansion peacefully stepped ;
The morning wind lifted his hair to and fro,
Tenderly, unheeded, the Dipper was low.

ABNER GAULT;
OR,
THE HAND OF FATE.

By MARY KYLE DALLAS.

CHAPTER V.

"IDENTIFICATION."

Mrs. Burleigh and her friend the lawy, erwith Peter Pinnix and Mrs. Cook, were driven rapidly to the police station where the body now lay. The hall was lighted and troubled, and wrung her little white hands all the journey through, and Mr. Kestrel felt more sincere sorrow to disturb her. At last he put a question which had been upon his lips for a long time.

"What could have induced you, with your small means, to offer so large a reward, Mrs. Burleigh. Probably the end would have been accomplished by a more advertisement."

Mrs. Burleigh looked up with her face flushed scarlet.

"If he were alive I know that Abbert would answer for himself, but as he is dead," and here she—you know—I—it is dreadful to speak of such things, but I said Eugene inherit the property, and I can afford it."

Mr. Kestrel was in truth, at least, "thought Mr. Kestrel ; but why need the woman look as though she were going when she is not. * * *

You must think me a necessary vexer, Mr. Kestrel, I feel obliged to you for your patience," said Mrs. Burleigh, and now I know I owe you the truth. Eugene and Abbert died without heirs, Eugene said his entire estate was possession, and you know, dear Eugene, though he left us Billie, he was full in love for such an event in his will."

"But Abbert was married," said Mr. Kestrel, "if memory stood correct."

"But that is not possible," said Mrs. Burleigh. "They went in the boat together, and of course, That was their object in going out—and all her clothes and the boat hook's are on my house. The poor, dear baby," and Mrs. Burleigh wept again.

The rest of the drive was performed in silence—and when at last they reached their destination and had entered into the apartments where the body lay, Mr. Kestrel's own emotions were overcome. He could think of nothing but the bright young life just quenched—for he had been fond in a way of Albert Burleigh, and had hoped to the last that he would turn out right, as many amazing souls do.

But there, stretched upon the litter on which he had been brought to shore, lay a motionless form, with dark hair and dark-developed limbs.

The face, strangely calm, now that water had rock had done their worst upon it, it is true—and not to be considered ; but the general height and breadth the same, and the jewelry, which had been on his wedding, and were now upon a dead, orders which he knew to belong to the Burleigh family.

"You know these, Mr. Kestrel," sobbed Mrs. Burleigh. "Those are his pin that Eugene's father wore, and his pet ring—and this bankerchief, I suppose, with the letter A still marked in it. This name is done in hair, you see, I cannot remember the poor lady's name, but these are some of the things that he wore, and as he would not have left them in the water, with the exception of the shoes, which he found wet and baggy, and put on Eugene's, which were a little too narrow and too. Burleigh's voice ended, false to Mr. Kestrel as the dead, she uttered the last sentence—though why it should, as Peter could not see.

But the ornaments which lay within his hand were proof of the identity of the dead, and Mr. and the bankbreaker bore his name. Therefore, Mr. Kestrel was satisfied that the remains were those of Albert Burleigh, and Mrs. Burleigh by her own womanish way, declared she knew the pin and ring, and that her brother-in-law had worn them—though, of course, she could not say it was him, only it seemed likely."

And all the testimony was now complete, and the remains prepared for a burial befitting a rich gentleman.

Mrs. Burleigh shed a good many tears, and expressed great grief at the death of her brother-in-law, but she did not go to the Gazette—nor did she identify the child and the mother in any of the drowned women and children who were now called to look for the next month.

"It might be," she always said ; "of course they were drowned—but one could not be sure ; it might be a dear friend—so much alike and such a little young lady."

And in the end it was decided that when the boat Albert Burleigh must have hired was upset, the mother of the child had embraced it—and so been so stirred that they could not be identified.

Certainly there was in the land of the living. And after the time had elapsed Mrs. Burleigh, by advice of her husband's will, came into the property, which had be fixed, would have been the last, but brother died before him —and left her humble cottage to live in the Burleigh Mansion, which she had purchased from its present owners—to whom Albert had sold it on coming into his inheritance. Peter Pinnix had received his reward, and people said it was generous of Mrs. Burleigh to offer such a large sum.

And the pin and ring had been sent to him by an unknown hand, and he had his pickle house, and he was content.

And Mrs. Kestrel rejoiced in her friend's good fortune and was glad her trouble was over. But Mr. Kestrel, perhaps, because he was a lawyer, was not satisfied, but kept on wondering for a long while. Why, when Mrs. Burleigh and Peter Pinnix were both falsely ascending the truth, they should have looked and spoken as though they were uttering falsehoods.

CHAPTER VI.

SENT TO SCHOOL.

Abner Gault, as every one now called him, whatever his real name may have been, lived and thrive under the fostering care of good Mrs. Gault.

The fondest grandmother never went more thoroughly into the process of spoiling a child. "Abner wants it," was a reason for anything. "Abner don't like it," was equally decisive to the courtesy of anything proposed ; and the boy was not strengthened in mind by the regime, although the pure sea air and excellent food gave him a robust body.

He was a pretty child, with Grecian features, and soft, fair hair, and those wilful, pretty ways which only childhood have so often about them, and which at an early age are generally admired by aunts and grandmothers and rather ridiculous parents.

Little King Hal, his mother had called her baby, and certainly he had always remained

MRS. GAULT PRESENTS ABNER TO MR. CRUB.

contemptible either. No matter how rich he sir, he's as unpresentable a critter as he can be. Knowledge is a thing nobody can't never know too much of. Why look at us—ourselves made one what I co. Ignorance debases a man ; knowledge elevates him ; a pinnacle of grandeur. Embrace your boy, edilecate him, Mrs. Gault—educate him ; take sugar and very like ice cream, ma'am—edicate the boy, by all means."

"I know you're correct, Mr. Chumps," said Mrs. Gault, with a sigh, "but I can't bear to have He says he won't."

"Don't you, the barber. "Her you tried persuasion ?—how delicious your biscuits are—I never tasted such delicacies."

"Yes, I tried persuasion," said Mrs. Gault. "I've said, 'Oh, Abby, it won't ever do for you to grow up a boy knowing nothing.' And he says, 'I don't want to go to school, and I won't, and I don't know, and I won't learn how.' And when ever I do ?—he help yourself, Mr. Chumps."

"Then you must try coercion," said the barber, offering the cucumber.

"Oh—if—I—La! You don't mean using him, Mr. Chumps."

Mr. Chumps had meant it, but he saw it would never do to admit the fact.

"Coercion may mean a great many things, but we'll pass it over, my dear. What do you say two strawberries ?" said Mr. Chumps.

"Do deceive my poor boy so," said Mrs. Gault, with a little sob in her throat. "What do you advise me to do. Only don't call it Strawberry ; many there's the name of a boy that I've had in the to good, you know."

"Send him to school, Mr. Chumps asserted, and Mrs. Gault, with many tears to which she was unaccustomed, and which she attributed to the Mosquito to be put in connection with the boy's future, consented to the completion of any one of more mature years than her adopted child.

And when Abner came in from his morning's passed upon. He went into remains of dolight and tea-cream, and displayed, unconsciously, in the prospect of seeing the dwarf and the fat man, and the taller person on the subject of the giant, who was the most formidable character in Abner's book—going for" asked Master Abner, as he slammed into the light wagon which stood at the door, "what's the subject ? and what's in it, ma ?"

"Nothing, sir," we might get ours dirty, pet, knew," said Mrs. Gault.

"And what's coming on it?" asked Abner.

"There, now, if you could read you'd know," said Mrs. Gault.

"It's just as good to be told," said Abner.

"Well, it's a—a—a—letter," Reddish, you can't always have me to tell you."

"Is it from your father, ma ?"

"Because I might be took from you," said Mrs. Gault.

"Who'd take you?" said Abner, in alarm—"not father ?"

"Bless you, no," said Mrs. Gault. "I will get with girls and boys to look after you, and you'll grow old too big and manly above me, and always love me, and never go to sea, and never marry—so do be a dear, Abner, and read the letter."

The sailor's wife squabbled, but not seeing Abner's alarm, and, as their conversation showed that it was a sin and shame, and that he was willing to do what he was desired, went to Mr. Chumps, the barber, or rather seat for the purpose to her.

"I thought I'd ask you to tea to-night," she said, "and then Aby is away with Mr. Chittlings's boy playing, and will take us at the Gardens, and I wanted to talk about him. They say I must send him to school. He's twelve years old, and don't know a letter. And he won't go. How can I make him, and it is my duty, when I'm so fond of him ?"

"It is your duty, ma'am," said the barber, "your plain duty. What is a man without education, I'd like too know ? Why he's cursed a contemptible critter. No matter how rich he sir, he's as unpresentable a critter as he can be. Knowledge is a thing nobody can't never know too much of. Why look at us—ourselves made one what I co. Ignorance debases a man ; knowledge elevates him ; a pinnacle of grandeur. Embrace your boy, edilecate him, Mrs. Gault—educate him ; take sugar and very like ice cream, ma'am—edicate the boy, by all means."

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"It is your duty, ma'am," said the barber, "your plain duty. What is a man without education, I'd like too know ? Why he's cursed a

ought to be able to read his Bible and study the Scriptures."

It was with a heavy heart that the poor woman parted from the barber and Mr. Kensington. Knowing what was to follow ; but Abner expected himself mightily. He led the elephant with cakes and apples, and bestowed nuts upon the monkeys. He passed into the cages and begged leave to "poke" the lion with Mrs. Gault's umbrella, and he enraged the dwarf by exclaiming audibly in that gentleman's presence, "What a horrid ugly dog!" He regret to state that he likewise stuck a pin into the arm of the fat man, and he was sick after the exhibition, causing the spectators, and, worse than all, the keepers of the showmen had not declared that it was not convenient with any human tongue, but had been subjected in the interior of Africa by a party of adventurers, etc., etc.; and insisted upon having a certain model of "Chinese junk" to take home with him.

After this he made himself ill with good things and went with a pain under an agony down to the cab with Mrs. Gault.

"Why, where's your hankey, dear Broadway. Mr. Crub's school for young gentlemen," said Mrs. Gault, in a whisper, to the driver.

And to Mr. Crub's school the young gentlemen the pair were driven—their soon recovering sufficiently to look out of the window and see where they were. Mrs. Gault found it at the moment very terrible to anyone.

"Where are we going, ma'am ?" said young Abner. "Say, ma, where are we going now ?"

"Be not hasty, Aby dear," said Mrs. Gault.

"Who?" asked Abner.

"Be not hasty, lady," said Mrs. Gault. "O dear, oh dear!"

"Where's the matter, ma?" asked Aby. "Have you eat too many green apples too ?"

"No, indeed, my precious little mother," said Mrs. Gault, who always grew particularly unreasonable when she was excited, "but—but—"

"There she nettle' the matter with me, Aby dear," said Mrs. Gault, "and I'm going to school to the dead."

Abner stared. Just then the cab stopped.

"Mr. Crub's, mam," said the driver. "Here we are."

And after a necessary delay caused by the sailor's wife's lack of carriage into an Mrs. Gault, and Abner, who had been sick, and her adopted child like a pet lamb to the sacrifice through the portals of Mr. Crub's boarding school. The awful moment had come at last.

Mrs. Gault let the governess and Abner have small discussion, with a label hand and a handkerchief to her eyes, the head teacher written all over him as plainly as though the words had been stamped upon his forehead in ink. He had thin, bony hands and a disgustful mouth, and that general air of being stomach of all he surveyed, which seems to arise from constant dyspepsia and weak lungs. His cuffs were so close that there seemed no possibility of their ever getting doling up, and his coat in slippery looked like a woman's.

"Mrs. Gault, I presume ?" he said ; and then bewildered woman almost sobbed :

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! and how very wicked I am to be!"

Mrs. Crub smoother smiled blandly.

"Ah, I remember," he said—"I remember. I had the honor to be the arrangement. I hope your note. Yes, yes. Mrs. Crub, this is Mrs. Gault."

And Mrs. Crub, a fat lady with very tight hair, starch from her head by the window.

"I've seen so many parents go through this scene," she said, with a sigh, "that I never wish to feel another. Mrs. Gault, you must not be grieved too big and manly above me, and always love me, and never go to sea, and never marry—so do be a dear, Abner, and read the letter."

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Ursa Major unchangingly glimmers and shines,
Seven-fays, Southern Cross ! get you under the sea,
For dearer this homely old star shape to me ;
Than Orion's belt, or the Pleiades seven,
Tattoo singing darkeys, the Dipper for me.

I have missed you, dear stars. When the caravan stopped
On the desert, I sat to the tent-door have crept,
And marveled, it seemed the horizon were closer.
The faces so familiar I glimpsed as my own,
Were replaced by no sense such wave tossing more.
Until, to ! nativa skies, where the Dipper was low.

It dawns when my mother was pressing my sleep,
She caught from her window each God-given ray ;
In her hand, but one thought of her child was,
When her lonely chamber rest on the pre-cambler lay.
"Up, Dipper, up, Dipper, and point to the north,
And tell me forever, The Dipper hang low."

It lighted our twin-plight. Along the wild shore
Great waves breaking sobs with a hoarse, hungry roar,
Till Neptune grew timid and came close to me,
That night as we walked all alone by the sea.
We read very plainly the way we should go,
Tho' the night came sooner ! till the Dipper was low.

It shone when in the South we could I hear the wind,
When in trust I had faltered. When thin, He had
doubt.
Left my last hours imperilled, ah, still I recall
The Dipper hung low, and the north star shone all.
And then—oh, ever, from the north's trustless's was
To the calm, patient stars. The Dipper hung low.

And now your sacred tones, a weary old man,
I count up the months that lighten my years
In the past. For the future I wait, only wait
Till the master shall open the heavenward gate,
And I hear the Redeemer on that journey I go
The stars will be shining, the Dipper be low.

* * * * *

- Found dead in the morning.

The cigar in the watcher's hand had been burnt ;
And thus fading flowers on one mantlet,
The soul from its mansion peacefully stepped ;
The morning wind lifted his hair to and fro,
Tenderly, unheeded, the Dipper was low.

ABNER GAULT;
OR,
THE HAND OF FATE.

By MARY KYLE DALLAS.

CHAPTER V.

"IDENTIFICATION."

Mrs. Burleigh and her friend the lawy, erwith Peter Pinnix and Mrs. Cook, were driven rapidly to the police station where the body now lay. The hall was lighted and troubled, and wrung her little white hands all the journey through, and Mr. Kestrel felt more sincere sorrow to disturb her. At last he put a question which had been upon his lips for a long time.

"What could have induced you, with your small means, to offer so large a reward, Mrs. Burleigh. Probably the end would have been accomplished by a more advertisement."

Mrs. Burleigh looked up with her face flushed scarlet.

"If he were alive I know that Abbert would answer for himself, but as he is dead," and here she—you know—I—it is dreadful to speak of such things, but I said Eugene inherit the property, and I can afford it."

Mr. Kestrel was in truth, at least, "thought Mr. Kestrel ; but why need the woman look as though she were going when she is not. * * *

You must think me a necessary vexer, Mr. Kestrel, I feel obliged to you for your patience," said Mrs. Burleigh, and now I know I owe you the truth. Eugene and Abbert died without heirs, Eugene said his entire estate was possession, and you know, dear Eugene, though he left us Billie, he was full in love for such an event in his will."

"But Abbert was married," said Mr. Kestrel, "if memory stood correct."

"But that is not possible," said Mrs. Burleigh. "They went in the boat together, and of course, That was their object in going out—and all her clothes and the boat hook's are on my house. The poor, dear baby," and Mrs. Burleigh wept again.

The rest of the drive was performed in silence—and when at last they reached their destination and had entered into the apartments where the body lay, Mr. Kestrel's own emotions were overcome. He could think of nothing but the bright young life just quenched—for he had been fond in a way of Albert Burleigh, and had hoped to the last that he would turn out right, as many amazing souls do.

But there, stretched upon the litter on which he had been brought to shore, lay a motionless form, with dark hair and dark-developed limbs.

The face, strangely calm, now that water had rock had done their worst upon it, it is true—and not to be considered ; but the general height and breadth the same, and the jewelry, which had been on his wedding, and were now upon a dead, orders which he knew to belong to the Burleigh family.

"You know these, Mr. Kestrel," sobbed Mrs. Burleigh. "Those are his pin that Eugene's father wore, and his pet ring—and this bankerchief, I suppose, with the letter A still marked in it. This name is done in hair, you see, I cannot remember the poor lady's name, but these are some of the things that he wore, and as he would not have left them in the water, with the exception of the shoes, which he found wet and baggy, and put on Eugene's, which were a little too narrow and too. Burleigh's voice ended, false to Mr. Kestrel as the dead, she uttered the last sentence—though why it should, as Peter could not see.

But the ornaments which lay within his hand were proof of the identity of the dead, and Mr. and the bankbreaker bore his name. Therefore, Mr. Kestrel was satisfied that the remains were those of Albert Burleigh, and Mrs. Burleigh by her own womanish way, declared she knew the pin and ring, and that her brother-in-law had worn them—though, of course, she could not say it was him, only it seemed likely."

And all the testimony was now complete, and the remains prepared for a burial befitting a rich gentleman.

Mrs. Burleigh shed a good many tears, and expressed great grief at the death of her brother-in-law, but she did not go to the Gazette—nor did she identify the child and the mother in any of the drowned women and children who were now called to look for the next month.

"It might be," she always said ; "of course they were drowned—but one could not be sure ; it might be a dear friend—so much alike and such a little young lady."

And in the end it was decided that when the boat Albert Burleigh must have hired was upset, the mother of the child had embraced it—and so been so stirred that they could not be identified.

Certainly there was in the land of the living. And after the time had elapsed Mrs. Burleigh, by advice of her husband's will, came into the property, which had be fixed, would have been the last, but brother died before him —and left her humble cottage to live in the Burleigh Mansion, which she had purchased from its present owners—to whom Albert had sold it on coming into his inheritance. Peter Pinnix had received his reward, and people said it was generous of Mrs. Burleigh to offer such a large sum.

And the pin and ring had been sent to him by an unknown hand, and he had his pickle house, and he was content.

And Mrs. Kestrel rejoiced in her friend's good

was light of foot as any hare to outstrip. A creature, too, who, in its ignorance, fancied itself flying from a place of torture and oppression, and it was ten minutes before he overtook him.

When Abner felt two great hands seize his little blue jacket collar, he made an effort to escape by slipping out of that article of apparel and leaving it in the hands of his pursuer. But Master Perry was too wide awake for that. Learned in the tricks of boys, he secured his prisoner by a firmer grip, and then said, in the peculiar growl common to lads of his age:

"You *are* plucky for such a little chap. But you can't get away now. What ails you? Who are you afraid of?"

"I aint afraid of anybody," said Abner; "but I *won't* stay in school, and I *will* go home."

"Who fetched you?" asked Master Perry.

"*She* did. Ma—not my own mother, but all the same," said Abner. "Perhaps he made her go without me."

"Old Crub, d'ye mean?" asked Master Perry.

"The teacher," said Abner.

"No. He's up to a good deal; but he couldn't quite do that to a parent, you know," said Master Perry. "She means you to stay; so you'll have to, you know."

"I *won't*," said Abner.

"There's one. It's dinner-time," said Master Perry. "Look here, don't you like dinner? We've got mutton, I know, and it's rice-pudding day."

But Abner was not in a mood to think of puddings, if, indeed, looking upon the school as a prisoner might upon his cell, he could fancy any food tasting well there. He tried his little strength again, and Master Perry felt a furious blow just above his waist band, and another on his wrist, and was obliged to hold his captive a little tighter.

He was a mild, overgrown, very good-natured boy, so he only laughed at the attack, but he was hungry and knew that the gong at the academy was sounding and that, if he wanted his dinner, it was time to hurry back.

"Are you coming now," he said, bending down. "Come, you don't know the way home, any how. It aint bad when you're used to it,—not so very; and some fellow will always tell you and do your sums; and then there are holidays—come along!"

"Never, as long as I live," said Abner.

Perry laughed. He had small brothers of his own, who were his pets, and Abner looked a little like one of them. He would have preferred persuasion greatly, but still he did not find himself able to forget that, at that very moment, the boys were filing down stairs to their dinner. He could not waste those precious moments and lose his repast, so he quietly picked Abner up in his long arms, and, shouldering him as though he were a baby, walked back to the school with him and dumped him, as though he had been coal or potatoes, in the hall.

Then he ran down to dinner. He was just in time.

Mr. Crub had arisen to say grace; but, before he commenced, he turned toward the new-comer.

"Well, Perry?" he asked.

"He's in the hall, sir. *I* never saw such a fellow. I expect my face is black and blue; he pounded me all the way," said Perry.

Mr. Crub turned to the man-servant:

"Lock the young gentleman up in the chamber of correction," he said.

And proceeded with the grace, as though nothing had occurred, while Tomkins toddled out to obey orders.

Abner was lying flat on the hall floor, his whole figure expressive of complete despair. Hitherto, a little emperor, a veritable despot, in his own small world; he found himself a slave. Giants held his wrists and carried him bodily away. He had been accustomed to fat little Mrs. Gault's, "Oh, please don't, Aby," and to Betsy's, "There now. I wouldn't, Abner," and now he was taken hold of and forced to obey.

He was not subdued, but he was, for the time, quite worn out and helpless. He could not resist now, every little nerve had been strung to its utmost. He had fought until his arms were powerless; screamed until he had lost all voice; run until he could not have taken another step; and old Tomkins picked him up and carried him to the awful "Chamber of Correction" without an effort.

"Now see what's come of all of them capers," said old Tomkins, as he deposited him on a bench in the corner. "If you'd been good, you'd a-been havin' dinner; now you take my advice and beg parding of master, else you'll get a wollopping. He's a rare hand to wollop, and he likes to do it, it's my opinion, so you be careful."

But Abner did not answer. He had flung himself down with his face on the ground, just as he had been lying in the hall. And old Tomkins walked out of the room, and closed the door after him.

The scholars ate their dinners, and went back to their classes. The hum of school duties recommenced. Mrs. Crub dressed herself, and went out to pay calls, and old Tomkins took his afternoon nap on a kitchen chair. Every one seemed to have forgotten poor Abner; and there he lay on the floor, face downwards, in his prison, wondering what would come next; until, late in the afternoon, Mr. Crub opened the door and came in.

He had conquered Abner. He saw that, the moment he met the boy's eye; and, considering his former conduct, wonderful, mercy was awarded to the boy. He had a few slight touches of the ferule on both hands, was ordered to "beg pardon," begged it, was forgiven, lectured, and taken down to tea, where the boys who had heard of the astonishing freaks of the new scholar, had their curiosity gratified at last by a sight of him.

But, though Abner was conquered, he did not take the matter quietly. His humiliation was intense—that of a despot suddenly overthrown—and he hated the victors heartily. For a week or so, Mr. Crub had much-a-do to manage him, but in the end finding association with other boys not unpleasant, and being naturally bright and ambitious, he began to desire the honors and triumphs of the little world, and to study his lessons as only bright boys can study them. He learned to read, he learned to cipher. He progressed in the most astonishing manner. He would be head of his class whatever that class was, and became the pattern boy of the school, as far as attainments went. But his desire to have his own way got him into many a pickle in the play-ground, and many a conflict, ending in black eyes and swollen noses that same propensity brought about. From first to last there was no forgetting Master Abner. He was either entitled to a medal or a flogging. Either a credit to the school or a disgrace to it, every moment of his life.

But Mrs. Gault was wondrously fond of him. In a year's time some changes had occurred at "The Washington." A rival hotel had been started, hard by, and Betsy, the old servant, had departed this life. So Mrs. Gault had retired from business, leased her property, and come down to New York to live where she could be near Abner's school and have him at home regularly every Saturday.

She hired three pretty rooms on a second floor, and put her best furniture into them, and kept house alone. She had few friends in New York and felt oddly enough amongst brick and mortar, but to be near Abner was all. For him she worked and thought and saved. All her money was out at interest for him, for she intended to make her will in his favor, and she thought him her greatest blessing. Certainly he was very fond of her. He loved to go home on Saturday evening. To show her his prizes and to exhibit his acquirements. To be, as he always was, with her, the greatest wonder in the world. She was all the mother he had ever known, and if boys are ever grateful he may have been said to be grateful to her. She, at least, could not find a fault in him.

When, once a quarter, she went down to her old home to collect her rent, she boasted proudly of Aby's proficiency. When he began to learn drawing she always took his copies in her bag with her, and his certificates were framed and glazed and hung up in her bedroom.

She was not very old yet, and she confidently hoped to live to see her boy a man. A very great, good man. A minister of the Gospel she would have liked best to see him, but, if not that, a doctor. That, in Mrs. Gault's opinion, was next best and genteel. And then, when he had a fine house and a pretty wife, she would break up her own small housekeeping and live with him, and pet his children as she had petted him. So she would plan and so chatter, her nice old face aglow with happiness, and Abner would listen to the castle-buildings with a vague idea that it would be very nice. He did not care much for the far-off future, but he liked the petting, and the holiday keeping, and the good home-made treats of cake and pie and pudding, and he liked to be made a wonder of, and to be praised and, above all, to have his own way, which he already had with Mrs. Gault.

So those Saturdays and the Sundays, when they went to church together, were the happiest of the week to Mrs. Gault and her adopted son.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE BACHELOR'S MISTAKE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Squire Popham was short and stout, with a shining bald head, and a nose inclined to be *retroussée*—which we take to be the French for *pug*. All heroes can't be tall, Greek-featured, and named Montmorenci; and our hero was moulded after an exceedingly every-day sort of pattern; nevertheless, there was no inconsiderable spark of romance in his soul.

Forty-five years had the Squire dwelt, mateless and forlorn, in the world; and now, as he entered upon the forty-sixth, it struck him that he was following up a wrong theory. Some people wake to the great mystery of their lives through the glance of a soft eye, a beam of moonlight, a half-open rose-bud, a bit of ribbon. 'Squire Popham was aroused through the instrumentality of a toothache!

"It's all very well for a man to be an old bachelor as long as he's well and sound," grumbled the Squire, dolefully regarding the cold mustard-draughts and clammy hop-plasters that his landlady had sent up after innumerable delays and excuses, "but when you begin to get achy and shaky, a married man has the best of it. *I'll* be a married man! Ugh! how cold these confounded puddings are! why couldn't she have warmed 'em a little? Now the tooth begins to jump—why the deuce aint I a married man, with a little soft, peachy cheek to lay mine against, and hands that know how to hold a hop-plaster without losing three-quarters out of the other end, right on to a fellow's black velvet vest. I'll go to some watering-place or other and get married, as soon as this swelling goes down—I will, as sure as my name is Paul Popham!"

And that was the way our Squire came to contemplate matrimony.

The "Sea-weed" hotel was crowded full, that season, with old girls, young girls, and middle-aged girls, widows, matrons, and old maids; in fact, the very multiplicity of the article puzzled 'Squire Popham in making his selection.

"For I can't marry 'em all," argued the Squire; "and what between waltzing, and croquet, and the German, they don't any of 'em stand still long enough for me to make up my mind. Perpetual motion, indeed! It's nothing to a live woman!"

Now the Sea-weed hotel was a huge brick building, with a colossal wing extending out at right angles and enclosing a sort of court; and the window of Mr. Popham's room, the last in the main building, looked directly into those of Mrs. Martin, who occupied the first adjoining, in the wing. So that, if there is such a thing as having your next door neighbor opposite to you, 'Squire Popham and Mrs. Martin enjoyed that paradoxical felicity.

Mrs. Martin was a widow—a plump, rosy widow, with red cheeks, and pearly teeth, and big blue eyes, full of wicked glances—a widow who liked a joke and had, at the same time, an exquisite appreciation for a bit of whispered sentiment. And one day the business was finished for 'Squire Popham by the deft way in which the charming widow mixed some salad dressing at the dinner-table.

"I like that widow," thought the Squire, holding his knife and fork admiringly in mid air as he watched the skilful operation. "I'll marry that widow—if she'll let me."

So that evening the Squire sat at his window with the newspaper for a flimsy excuse, and looked unutterable things at the widow, who, pretending to be entirely unconscious, hemmed away at her dainty frills, or read small volumes in red and gold, sending now and then an electric ray of her blue eyes to keep up the flames in the Squire's heart.

"I think I'm in love," said the Squire to himself. "I must be in love? I never saw such blue eyes in my life; and as for lobster salad, they couldn't get it up better at Delmonico's. Then again a widow has had experience—she's not like one of those girls who know nothing but the waltz and a pack of Italian songs. I dare say she could make a delightful mustard plaster; and as for water-gruel and milk punch, I see 'em in her eyes! Yes, I'm undoubtedly in love."

The moon—a full harvest shield of mellow silver—rose. The Squire still smoked his cigar and ruminated on the delicious possibilities in store for him, until the widow Martin's kerosene lamp glowed into brightness on the table. Through the deceitful screen of the fluttering muslin curtain he could see her moving to and fro, like the fair vision of a dream!

"I wish I was a good hand at poetry," soliloquized the Squire. "I know I could get in something about a star behind a cloud. Crowd—proud—loud—hang it, they don't hitch at all. 'Star behind the midnight cloud;' but it *isn't* midnight. Shroud—shroud—might as well say skeleton at once and done with it. Vowed—how could a fellow lug in vowed? 'Star behind a midnight cloud, to worship thee I have vowed'—somehow that seems to go limpety-catch. Shades of the Nine Muses! I hadn't any idea poetry put one into such a perspiration. I think perhaps I wasn't intended for a poet; but that idea of the star behind a cloud *was* a pretty one, if I could only have hit upon a rhyme that didn't hobble on three legs! Hallo! hallo! what's that she has in her arms?"

For through the floating muslin drapery which the Squire's fancy had invested with the poetic fullness of a cloud, he could see the bewitching little widow pacing up and down the floor, her brown ringlets drooping above her face, and her dulcet tones murmuring some sweet lullaby.

"Upon—my—word!" ejaculated the puzzled Squire. "It isn't her second husband—unless he's a smaller man than the average; it must be—a baby! Deceitful enchantress, false as fair! does she intend to pass herself off as possessing no incumbrance? Does she mean to keep the existence of her child a secret? Good Cupid, how fortunate I am to have penetrated her treachery before—before the fatal word was spoken! Fancy me, Paul Popham, married to a woman with a baby! I'd rather live on cold mustard-plasters and stewed hops for the rest of my life! Hush-sh-sh! it is asleep now! what's that she is calling it? 'Her precious darling, sweetest pet!' Aha! little does she know who listens to her honeyed accents! Now she's putting it in its crib—a deuced unhealthy place to keep a child, that unventilated closet; but I suppose it would be discovered anywhere else. She must dose it with Daffy's Elixir and Soothing Syrup all day, and it comes out, like a bat, at night! Heavens; what cold-blooded heartlessness! Now she has gone out with a pitcher in her hand—the opportunity is here! I'll investigate this thing, or my name isn't Paul Popham! Ah, Melissa Martin! who could have dreamed this of thee?"

Squire Popham waited until the rustle of the widow's half-mourning muslins had died away in the hall, and then crept softly across the threshold of his own apartment, entering hers, with noiseless slippered tread.

The light burned with soft, steady flame on the table; the dainty, half-hemmed frilling lay beside it, with a tiny pink Bohemian vase, in which Squire Popham recognized a bouquet of white roses he had that afternoon presented with a pretty speech to the widow. And close beside the big arm-chair lay a pair of tiny slippers, rosetted and buckled, and a white cambric *peignoir* enough to melt the heart of any bachelor into whose nature suspicion had not entered with its poisoned dart.

But Paul Popham, being forewarned, was consequently forearmed. He paused not to linger round the bewitching insignia of the female presence, but stole on tiptoe, with hushed breath and lips apart, to the closet, where lay *perdu* the secret of the widow Martin's inner life.

Well, there were dresses, and shawls, and round hats with saucy birds' wings in them, and crinolines, and snowy rustling skirts, and even a twin pair of India-rubber boots hanging on a peg—but no crib.

"Is there a trap-door through which the—the baby has vanished?" the Squire asked himself, staring vaguely about the closet. "Hallo! there comes the widow's crinoline down on my head! and by all the powers, I've kicked over a saucer of milk! A queer way she has of provisioning her garrison, and——"

The Squire uttered a short, sharp ejaculation: in groping round the floor to replace the overturned saucer, his hand came in contact with something warm and soft—something decidedly *alive!*

"It's the baby, by Jove!" he exclaimed, making a rush at it, but the next instant a short, shrill bark and the agonizing sensation of sharp teeth closing together over his epidermis dispelled the brief dream of triumph, and a plump little poodle, abandoning the invaded fastness of its basket, rushed past him out of the room and down the stairs, howling at the top of its voice.

"Only a puppy-dog!" reflected the discomfited Squire, rubbing his wounded hand; "but it is just the season for hydrophobia, and there's no knowing what may happen. Serves me right for not attending to my own business. But I'm glad it wasn't a baby, and that Melissa isn't a Syren after all. I'll propose to that widow to-morrow morning—if I'm not running on all fours and barking with the hydrophobia!"

As Squire Popham formed this mental resolution he was struggling to free himself from the bondage of Mrs. Martin's crinoline, which clung with almost human malice to his manly form. At the same moment the sound of footsteps reached his ear.

"She's coming back, as sure as my name is Paul Popham, she's coming back!" gasped our hero, struggling more wildly than ever, "and here I am in her closet like a caged bear!"

He shuffled half way across the room with the crinoline clinging round his ankles; but it was too late—Mrs. Martin was almost on the threshold, and he staggered back, just regaining the friendly shelter of the closet as she entered with the villainous little poodle in her arms, and a young lady following her.

"Come in, Laura," chirped the widow, and then buried her plump cheeks in the dog's woolly hair. "Poor 'ittle Petsy, did it get f'ightened and run away? Never mind, its own, own mistress has come back, so she has. There, lie still on the cushion, like a darling Mouseykins as it was, and be good. Here are the poems, Laura," she added, changing her tone.

"O, thank you," said Miss Vernon, whose voice Popham recognized from his stifling retreat. "By the way, Melissa, what has become of your fat adorer? I haven't seen him on the piazza to-night."

"Do you mean the bald-headed old bachelor? I'm sure I don't know, nor care."

Squire Popham broke into a chill perspiration, notwithstanding the fever heat of his hiding-place. "Fat adorer!" "Bald-headed old bachelor!" It was enough to set any man's blood circulating to hear himself miscalled in that ridiculous manner.

"The idea of his presuming to admire *you*, Melissa!" laughed Miss Vernon. "Do contrive to secrete me somewhere when he makes his declaration—it will be such fun. How Harry will laugh when he hears of it. By the way, have you written to Harry to-night?"

"Harry, indeed!" gasped Squire Poham. "No, I don't think he *will* laugh—not if I know it." Here the bachelor changed his cramped position and two or three pairs of gaiters rattled about his ears, down on the floor.

"Mercy upon us! what's that?" shrieked the widow.

"It's Popsey," soothed Miss Vernon.

"No indeed, it's not Popsey, for he's here on his cushion."

"Then it's a ghost!" screamed Laura.

"It's a burglar!" shrieked Mrs. Martin, and Popsey added to the tumult by barking furiously at the closet door.

"Help! Murder! Help! Thieves! Help!" shouted Laura, at the top of her voice, while the widow clung round her neck cachinnating hysterically.

"Ladies, allow me to explain," began Squire Popham, opening the door three-quarters of an inch, whereupon Popsey redoubled his barks and the widow screamed louder than ever.

"Villain! stand back!" commanded Laura, dragging two rocking-chairs and an embroidered footstool in front of the door. "Oh, thank goodness, here is help at last. There, there!" she waved her hand tragically toward the closet door, "the band of desperadoes is secreted there!"

The gentlemen boarders gathered round with all the pokers, tongs, pistols, croquet-mallets and rulers they had been able to collect at such short notice—the ladies stood back, shrieking in chorus.

"I'll open the door, Jenks," said the landlord to the head waiter, "and you be ready to collar the first one that rushes out. One—two—three—and here goes!"

But to the surprise—and, to confess the truth, disappointment—of the assembled boarders, nobody appeared save Squire Popham, in a flowered dressing-gown and a very red face, shrinking back among the widow's silk dresses.

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the landlord, "it's Mr. Popham! How came you here, sir?"

"It's—it's a mistake," stuttered the miserable bachelor, creeping out with sheepish countenance.

"It's a confoundedly queer-looking mistake," muttered two or three of the more belligerently inclined boarders. But mine host good-naturedly interfered in Mr. Popham's behalf.

"I am quite sure Mr. Popham is no burglar," he said. "Mrs. Martin, you'll bear witness to it's being a mistake, I am sure."

And Mrs. Martin, with "Popsey" still barking irrepressibly in her arms, declared that "she was *so* sorry such a misunderstanding had taken place."

"And *I* am sorry too, madam," said the old bachelor, stiffly bowing as he marched out between the lines of silent and amazed spectators.

"My dear," whispered Laura Vernon, "you may depend he has heard every word we said!"

"But how on earth do you suppose he came there?"

"I am sure I haven't the least idea," said the puzzled young lady.

Nor did they ever discover a clue to the mystery. Squire Popham resolutely kept at bay the curiosity of the whole hotel by obstinately reiterating his first statement, "that it was a mistake," and nothing more. And the next morning he packed his valise and left the Sea Weed House.

We are sorry to record the fact that he is an old bachelor still, and likely to remain so, his first adventure in the service of the little god having proved so disastrous that he will never pluck up courage to hazard another! Perhaps Leap Year may do something for him; but it is a forlorn hope, at best!

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

The tragedy that had occurred at Silvermere was not made known to Mrs. Langley till the next morning.

When Denham came home he found a cold supper set out for him in his own room, as was the custom of the house when he remained out late at night, but he had no appetite for it now.

He knew that his guards would be unwilling to lose sight of him, so he gave them up his bed, and sat moodily by the fire thinking over the events of the night, and wondering what the result of the morrow's examination would be to himself.

It was a bitter humiliation to be arraigned as the murderer of any man; doubly bitter when that man had been the successful rival who, in his heart, he had wished dead and out of his path. Many times had he been tempted to defy Fenton to mortal combat, but never could he have looked forward to the hour in which he would be forced to stand forth to the gaze of the world and hear himself accused of assassinating in this cowardly manner the man with whom he had been reared.

Though freed by the event of this night, Opal was severed from him as completely as if by death, unless the real criminal could be discovered and convicted of the crime. Denham knew that public opinion would accuse him still, let the award of justice be what it would, unless he could bring its real perpetrator forward, and he writhed beneath the impossibility of thus justifying himself.

When he tried to think who could have taken Fenton's life, he plunged into a sea of darkness that afforded no clue, and at last, exhausted by all he had gone through in the previous twelve hours, he sunk into a feverish slumber in the large chair in which he sat.

Denham was aroused by the entrance of a servant with wood to replenish the fire, and on opening his eyes he saw that dawn was breaking in rosy splendor over the horizon.

With his first waking consciousness came back all the horror of his position, and for a few moments he quailed before what he must undergo that day.

Guy Denham was a proud, reticent and shrinking man, and nothing could have been more repulsive to him than the thought that he was to be brought before a criminal tribunal to be examined on the charge of secretly assassinating his rival on the night of his marriage. He shuddered at the thought that his long-cherished love for Opal must become the common gossip of the day, adding another link to the chain of circumstantial evidence against him.

He aroused himself from his bitter thoughts and remembered that he had yet to inform his sister of the terrible position in which he found himself placed, and to impose on her the painful task of revealing to Inez the fate of her faithless lover.

Denham turned toward the bed and saw that young Wallis was attentively regarding him. After the servant went out and closed the door behind him, with some effort he said:

"Edward Wallis, you have known me from boyhood, yet you acted last night as if you believe me guilty of the foul deed from which my inmost soul recoils. Why should *you* have proclaimed me the murderer of Godfrey and set others on the track of an innocent man? Have our past relations given you any warrant for supposing me the wretch I should be if I had done this thing?"

In some embarrassment Wallis replied:

"Hitherto I have known nothing of you, Denham, that was not honorable; but knowing what I do of the late differences between you and Fenton, what could I do, when I held your own pistol in my hand, but recently discharged, but denounce you as his assassin?"

"What do you know that gave edge to your suspicions?" asked Denham, sternly.

"Only this—that you and Godfrey have not been on good terms for some time past. That sharp words have passed between you; and I am also aware that you have long been as much in love with Opal Hastings as a man can be with any girl. Can you blame me for believing you guilty? But I admit that what afterwards passed in Mr. Hastings' house put a different face on the affair. Circumstances point to you as the criminal, but I am willing to mistrust them; to give you the benefit of the doubt that has arisen in my own mind."

"It is well that you will do me that much justice," Guy gloomily replied. "There is nothing left for me now but to face this accusation as bravely as I may, and repel it by every means left open to me. But if it were not from the cowardly fear that I may be believed guilty of the crime, if I did myself any injury, I believe I would sooner shoot myself than undergo the ordeal that is before me to-day. I warn you, Wallis, that if Opal Hastings' name is brought forward in any way during my examination, I will hold him who does it strictly accountable to me, and I will avail myself of my first moment of freedom to exact such atonement as one gentleman may demand of another."

Wallis hastened to say:

"I am sure that you need apprehend nothing on that score. Poor Opal is sacred; she will suffer enough, without knowing that your passion for herself throws an additional cloud of suspicion around you. Denham, I loved Godfrey as a brother, and I have long cherished the hope that I should one day claim him as such. I regret deeply that I directed suspicion toward you in the first moment of excitement; sorry on your account, and on that of those two young girls who are so nearly related to you. If I had only had time to think a moment, I should have acted differently."

"On their account alone, I presume," said Denham, with slightly bitter emphasis. "I accept of no immunity on the score of my family. I shall stand or fall according to my own worth. If the record of my life weighs nothing in my favor, so be it. No act of mine has ever yet brought the blush of shame to the cheek of any one allied to me, and this false accusation cannot forever remain as a blighting stain upon an innocent man. God is too just to permit that."

"I am sure he is, and I now believe that you had nothing to do with the event of last night, old fellow, in spite of appearances," said Wallis, warmly. "I acted like a mad fool myself, and I saw it plainly when your aunt stood up over the dead body of her son and spoke in your defence as nobly as she did. I shall go with you to town, Denham, but not as your accuser."

"There will be enough to play that part without you," was the sorrowful response. "You are not afraid to lose sight of me a few moments, I hope? I wish to see my sister alone and give her my own account of this painful affair. You can keep guard at the door of her room if you are afraid that I shall attempt to escape."

"I have no fear of that. Your best chance is to face the charge boldly. I think it will be only a magistrate's trial, for they will scarcely find sufficient cause to indict you before a grand jury. You know that we are not as strict in these affairs as some other people are."

Denham sighed wearily as he arose, and said:

"So much the better for me, I suppose, for I know that I am in a sad strait. I will go to Anna at once, and tell her as gently as I can what must soon become known to her. Breakfast will be served at eight, and, after it is over, I shall be ready to accompany you to Natchez."

He left the room, and crossing the hall, tapped at Mrs. Langley's door. She was an early riser, and he found her already dressed. She turned to him as he entered, and eagerly said:

"I knew your knock, Guy, and I cannot tell you how glad I was to hear it. I have been more uneasy about you than I can express. Why on earth did you ride away in that wild fashion last night, leaving me to all sorts of dreadful fancies? I did not fall asleep till you came in, and this morning Betty told me that some of the wedding-guests had come home with you. Did you change your mind and go to Silvermere, after all?"

Denham gravely replied:

"Yes, Anna, I was at Silvermere. I was taken there under such painful circumstances as you could never imagine. Have you had no intimation of the tragedy that occurred there last night? No, I see by your face that you have not, and it becomes my painful duty to inform you that Godfrey was shot at as he was walking in the shrubbery, and——"

Pale as death and shivering with dread, Mrs. Langley interrupted him with a sharp cry.

"Shot at! Killed, do you mean? And by whose hand, Guy? By whose hand? Oh, Father in heaven, that I should live to doubt you!"

Denham became even paler than herself, and he mournfully said:

"It is as I feared it would be. My own sister suspects me, then how can I blame others for attempting to fasten this crime upon me. Look at me, Anna. This hand is pure from the stain of the blood that has been shed; I swear it before the Searcher of all hearts, and He will yet make my innocence manifest; I firmly believe. Though my pistol was used by the assassin, I have no more idea who he was than a babe an hour old. I never told a falsehood in my life, and, in this most solemn and trying moment, I swear to you by the memory of our mother that I am speaking but the simple truth."

Mrs. Langley believed him now. She threw herself, sobbing, upon his breast, and said:

"Forgive me, forgive me for doubting you, my brother. I believe you innocent. I *will* believe it, though all the world should accuse you. But how did you come to be near the house? If they had not found you there, you would never have been suspected."

"My own madness carried me away. I tried to exhaust the fever in my blood by swift riding, but as the hours went on and I knew that Opal was given to another, a wild desire seized me to look on her once more. I resolved, at all hazards, to gratify it, and I entered the grounds of Silvermere, secured my horse near the boat-house, and made my way toward the house. The portico was deserted, and I approached one of the windows over which the curtain had not been drawn.

"I saw her, looking like a white angel, in her bridal robes, but I thought she seemed weary and heart-sick. I prayed for her happiness then, Nina, I surrendered her to the husband who had won her from me, and took what I believed to be my last farewell of her; for I did not intend ever to look on her again as Godfrey Fenton's wife.

"I heard them coming out from supper, and I went down the steps before any one detected my presence there. I found my horse, and rode very slowly toward home; for, by this time, the poor animal was nearly broken down with the mad speed at which he had been ridden. Just as I reached the entrance to Ashwood, I was overtaken by an excited party from Silvermere, who accused me of having shot Godfrey."

"And he—*he*—is he—is he——"

Mrs. Langley could not speak the last word. Denham bowed his head, and slowly went on:

"I returned with them at once, to find Godfrey quite dead, and to hear myself accused on all sides as his assassin. But Aunt Gertrude would not believe it, and she spoke nobly in my defence,—for which I shall always thank her. The *guests* who came home with me came as my guards, and I must accompany them to Natchez this morning, to undergo an examination before a magistrate; perhaps to be committed to prison to await my trial for murder."

Mrs. Langley sat down quite overcome by this announcement. She faintly asked:

"Is there no way of escaping such an ordeal as that? Dear Guy, can you not leave home till this dreadful affair has blown over? till steps have been taken to discover the real murderer? They may put you on trial for your life; may punish you for a crime I was myself mad enough to think for a moment that you might have committed. If *I* thought thus, will others be more lenient in their judgments? Make your escape, Guy, while it is yet in your power to do so, and leave me to defend your cause in your absence."

With mournful tenderness, Denham replied:

"That is impossible, Anna. I should be sought for immediately, seized on, and brought back again. My flight would add much weight to the evidence against me, and I had rather bear the ignominy of a trial than fly from my home as a banned murderer, to become a wanderer on the face of the earth. Oh, my sister, prove yourself strong in this dreadful hour and tempt me to do nothing that can more deeply compromise me! I believe that the evidence against me, strong as it is, will not suffice to condemn me; especially

as both my aunt and Mr. Hastings have strongly expressed their belief in my innocence."

"Did Aunt Gertrude really refuse to believe the accusation?" she breathlessly asked.

"Yes; I must do her the justice to say that she atoned for all her wrongs to me by the noble confidence she expressed in my inability to have committed such a crime as this. She stood up over the dead body of her son, and uttered such words as have bound me to her for life. If I am permitted to do so, I will take the place of him that is gone, and be to her all that he would have been."

Mrs. Langley shook her head drearily.

"It was grand and noble in her to speak in your behalf in such an hour of anguish; but no one can be to her what Godfrey was. She loved him far more dearly than she did her younger children, and she will long be inconsolable for his loss. I will not again urge you to escape, though it is dreadful to think that so honorable and high-toned a man as you are should be implicated in so dire a tragedy as this—should even be accused of having committed the deed yourself. Darling brother, what can I do to aid you? Shall I go with you to Natchez, and help to sustain you before your judges by my presence?"

"That would be subjecting you to too painful an ordeal. I shall have many friends near me, and you have something to do here. That poor girl must be told of what has happened, and you alone can approach her with such tidings."

Mrs. Langley covered her face with her hands, and her frame shook with strong emotion. Her brother waited till she was more composed, and then said:

"You must appear at breakfast, Anna, and wear a calm and assured face before those who are here to see that I am safely conveyed to town. I trust that I shall soon return to you freed from the worst fear that presses on my heart. If I am permitted to have my freedom, I can set such investigations on foot as may lead to the discovery of the assassin. Till that is done, I shall ever feel as if the stain of this accusation is clinging to me."

"I will do my best to be brave and firm, Guy; but it will be a dreadful effort in the present state of my feelings. Who came with you as your guards?"

"Edward Wallis and John Talbot. They were both friendly to me in our boyish days, and I think they are inclined to accept Mr. Hastings' view of what has happened, and exonerate me from the charge of destroying Godfrey. God knows that, eagerly as I have desired to find some cause of quarrel with him that would have brought us face to face in honorable combat without implicating the name of Opal, I never once thought of doing so dastardly a thing as taking his life in this secret way. I could never have aimed a deadly blow at the heart of an unarmed man?"

"What led others to suppose that you could do such a thing?"

"Do you remember the pistol I loaned Opal last fall when we had target-shooting at Silvermere? I neglected to reclaim it, and that was used by the assassin. It was picked up on the lawn within a few feet of Godfrey's body; was recognized as mine; and when I was found a few moments later, riding toward home, no doubt was left in the minds of my pursuers that I was the criminal."

A sudden light flashed over Mrs. Langley's face, and in an excited tone she said:

"I believe that I have found a clue to the murderer. That girl against whom I warned Godfrey in vain boasted to me that she could hit a mark at thirty paces distant. *She* has possessed herself of your pistol and done this deed. What did Miss Gordon say? How did she look when poor Godfrey was brought in?"

Denham gravely replied:

"Have you not yet heard that Miss Gordon left Silvermere on Monday to return North? She embarked on a New Orleans steamer, and must have been far on her way before the hour of the marriage arrived. No, hers could not have been the hand that committed the deed of which I am accused."

"But, Guy, listen to me. The packet was not due till Thursday evening; and last night it lay at the landing only a mile from Silvermere till one o'clock. I know this, because my overseer shipped a hundred bales of cotton on her, and there was a large quantity from other plantations to be taken on board. Follow up that girl, Guy, and you will clear yourself from this atrocious charge by finding the true criminal. I feel the conviction in my own mind that it is so."

"My dear Anna, I cannot agree with you, but I will promise to do as you wish when I am free to act for myself. But it will be useless. No young girl could leave a steamer in the night without a protector, and make her way through a dense woodland alone on such an errand as that. She would never have the nerve to do it."

"Few women could do it, I grant; but there are exceptions, and Nina Gordon is one of them. I saw the tiger spirit aroused in her last summer when she was disappointed in her dreams of fortune, and I believe she could do even this. I wish most sincerely that I had made no effort to expose her to Mrs. Hawks. The money would have been hers, and she might never have crossed our path again. It has done poor Inez little service, now that she has gained it."

"All that is gone past recall, Anna. You thought you were doing right when you attempted to serve my interests by ruining Miss Gordon's, so don't grieve over it, dear. I will think over your suggestion, and, as soon as possible, take measures to assure myself if there is any foundation for it. Till I am convinced of her guilt beyond a doubt, it would be most cruel to direct suspicion toward a young and friendless stranger."

"You always think of others before yourself, Guy. But if Nina Gordon has done what I suspect, she deserves no mercy at our hands. She has avenged herself on me for unmasking her last summer, by taking your pistol, that I might be made wretched by having you implicated in this fearful charge. The longer I think about it, the deeper becomes the conviction that I have found the real criminal."

"My dear sister, I would far sooner suffer this injustice myself than become the medium of bringing such a charge against a helpless girl, unless it were better sustained than by mere suspicion. It is beneath my manhood to screen myself by accusing Miss Gordon. No; I must wait until I can find some tangible evidence against her, or I can never breathe her name in connexion with this sad affair."

"But how are you to obtain that evidence, unless you take measures at once to follow her up through every moment of time from the day she left Silvermere till the steamer left the landing below here?"

"I will do that much, I pledge you my word, Anna. I will set a detective on her track who will be silent as death, and keen enough to find out all I wish to know. But really I do not think that we shall be rewarded by the discovery of anything to criminate Miss Gordon. She left Silvermere at her own earnest request, and she is too ignorant of the localities on the river to know when the steamer landed near her late home. There was no moon last night, and I cannot believe that any girl would have the nerve to walk a mile in the night through a thick forest, that she might take a human life when she reached the end of her pilgrimage. It is impossible."

"Impossible or not, *it was done*, Guy, and you will yet learn that I am right. I can do nothing now but pray to God to bring the truth to light, and to shield you from the harm that threatens you while this cloud hangs over you."

"Don't give way to fancies, my dear sister, and persuade yourself that things will go badly with me. Aside from the humiliation of being examined on such a charge, I have little to dread. Those who will sit in judgment upon me have known me all my life, and I am persuaded that few of them would be willing to see me indicted for the murder of Godfrey. I trust that within a few hours I shall be free to go whither I please, and I promise you to take the first steps toward satisfying your doubts concerning Miss Gordon. Cease to let your thoughts dwell sadly or doubtfully on my fate, for I am sure that I shall return to you before the day is over, cleared from the charge, so far as the dismissal of the magistrate can have that effect."

Mrs. Langley tried to believe him, and she resignedly answered:

"You must have your own way, I suppose, and I will make every effort to do what is best for you. I must go now and see how poor Inez has passed the night. Oh! Guy, how shall I ever tell her what has happened?"

"Your good angel must guide you, Anna, and show you how to break it gently to the unfortunate girl. I would give a great deal if she had never come hither to have her heart broken in so cruel a manner. Go to her now. Breakfast may soon be ready, and on this morning you must not keep it waiting."

Mrs. Langley kissed him tenderly, and holding his hand clasped closely in his own, she tearfully said:

"Forgive me, Guy, that I, for one moment, believed in the possibility of your guilt."

She hurried from the room, and crossed the hall, and tapped at the door of the dressing-room adjoining the chamber of Inez. In that a couch had been placed for Mrs. Perkins, and her hostess found her sitting by the only window, with her hands clasped in a hopeless manner, and her face clouded by anxiety and grief.

On the entrance of Mrs. Langley, she nervously arose, and, in guarded tones, said:

"Miss Inez is sleeping at last, ma'am. She moaned and went on in such a manner till nearly day as went to my heart; and once, after she fell asleep, she cried out in agony: 'Oh! there is blood—blood on my conscience! *His* blood! Oh Virgin Mother take its stain from my soul!' I went in to her, but she was sleeping under the influence of the drops you told me to persuade her to take."

Mrs. Langley listened with a strange thrill of emotion. She softly said:

"I am glad she slept, at all events, Mrs. Perkins. I will go in now and look at her."

The door of communication was partly open, and, gliding through it, Mrs. Langley stood beside the bed of Inez. She lay like a broken flower upon her pillow, all the color gone from her rounded cheeks, all the brightness from her beaming face. Heavy, dark circles were beneath her eyes, and the pale lips wore an expression of suffering and sadness that went to the heart of her friend.

Inez was under the influence of morphine, and her fingers moved nervously at intervals, as if trying to grasp something that eluded them. The fixed gaze of Mrs. Langley disturbed her, and she suddenly unclosed her large, dark eyes, and asked:

"Where am I? What has happened to bring me to this strange place? Who are you, and what are you doing in my room? or, rather, what am I doing in this room, for it does not belong to me?"

Mrs. Langley bent forward and softly said:

"Inez, darling, don't you know me? I am the friend to whose house you came yesterday. Don't you remember that I brought you out from Natchez?"

"From Natchez!" she dreamily repeated. "What was I doing there? Ah! I remember now,—I came hither to find my love—my betrothed. I believed him true; I trusted him as my own soul; but he was false to me—false—*false*. I have repaid him, though. Do you think it wrong to take life, madam? If you do, condemn me, for I have killed him. I have Spanish blood in my veins, and it rose against him till I could not hold my hand, and he lies stark and cold, done to death by this feeble hand. Look at it. Does it look strong enough to take a human life?"

Inez held up her hand, exquisite in shape and delicacy, and surveyed it with her wild, dark eyes, as she rambled on:

"It has no crimson stain upon it, but *that* is on my soul. There is no atonement without sacrifice; that was the creed of my ancestors, for I am of Hebrew descent. Those grand and merciless old Israelites always avenged their wrongs, and I have avenged mine in the only way left to a helpless and deserted girl. Was it wrong to take my cause in my own hands? Don't tell me it was, for if you do I will kill myself, and then I shall go into everlasting torment, 'where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched!'"

Mrs. Langley listened to these wild wanderings with a chilling doubt in her mind as to whether they were not the offspring of guilt, yet she believed it impossible that Inez could have been the destroyer of Fenton. She tenderly said:

"Inez, you must not talk in such a strain as that. You have done nothing to deserve such a fate. Compose yourself, and try to remember what has lately happened."

"I do remember all too clearly. I came here to find my living lover, and I found him dead to me; this morning he is dead to all. Have you not heard that Godfrey Fenton has been sent to his account by the hand of one he had wronged?
If you have not, it is time that you knew it."

And she ended with a laugh that froze the blood in the listener's veins.

Mrs. Perkins came in and said:

"She has been going on that way all night, ma'am; but it don't mean anything. She got up once and tried to get out of the house, but I was on the watch, and I followed her and brought her back. My poor child is going the way her mother went before her. She died melancholy mad, and my darling is getting in the same condition because that faithless man jilted her."

"Are you quite *sure* that she did not leave the house, Mrs. Perkins? Yet why do I ask such a question? Inez did not know the way to Silvermere, and she could never have been the perpetrator of what was done there last night. But it is very strange that her ravings should take this form. Come with me into the next room. I have something to tell you that she must not hear."

Mrs. Perkins followed her, and when Mrs. Langley had carefully closed the door, she said:

"By what clairvoyance does that poor girl know that Godfrey Fenton is dead? It is certainly true that he was killed last night by some unknown hand."

The woman listened in horror.

"Dead—killed! and my darling talking in this strange way! Oh, Mrs. Langley, I declare to you that she never left this house through the night. I did not undress at all; I sat up the whole time watching her. I had dozed off a minute when she had got in the hall, but she did not know how to unfasten the door, and I found her standing before it in her bare feet, with her hair hanging all over her. She was too weak to resist me, and I took her in my arms, and brought her back again. She has been in bed ever since, and about an hour before day she fell into the sleep from which she roused just now. Don't mind anything she says, for her mind is only rambling."

"It is a singular hallucination, and under present circumstances, may prove a very sad one, unless we keep it from the knowledge of others. You and I must watch over her ourselves, Mrs. Perkins, and try and bring back the light of reason to her mind. That by some inscrutable means, she has become aware of Godfrey's death, is evident, or she would not talk as she did just now."

"He deserved to die," said the woman savagely; "but my poor child is as innocent of killing him as the angels in Heaven. I hope you don't suspect her of such wickedness as that. I've seen her many a time take a bug, or a worm out of her path to keep others from treading on them. She never hurt anything in her life, and she loved the very ground that bad man stepped on. He would have been the last one she would have injured, though he has worked her such bitter woe. I must tell you something about the Lopez family, ma'am, and then you will see that Miss Inez has inherited a sort of second sight from them."

"They have been a grand family in their day, Mrs. Langley, and as long as they kept with their own people, they were rich, and powerful; but for two generations, they have married with what they call Gentiles. The father and grandfather of Miss Inez took Christian wives; one was an English woman, the other an American. Well—from the date of the first marriage the old gentleman declared that he was haunted by a familiar spirit that foretold to him all the evil that was coming on him."

"He had enough, poor soul! for there are seven graves in the churchyard in Cuba, in which his children lie buried. Miss Inez's father was the only one left, and he didn't do much good in the world. After the old man died, the spirit came to *him*, and he always knew beforehand a great deal that was going to happen to him. He was a firm believer in all them spirit rappings that so much fuss is made about of late years. You have heard how he sent Miss Inez to the old place to look for the will that was hidden in the wall. She did not find it, it's true, but she found the place her father described, and it's pretty certain now that it was taken from it before she went. Now her pa is dead, I suppose the spirit comes to her to tell her what she ought to know. That is the only way I can account for her words just now."

Mrs. Langley listened to this singular statement with incredulity, though she did not doubt the implicit faith of the narrator in its truth. She only said:

"It is very strange and may account for what Inez has said. At all events, I shall be able to evade the sad task of telling her of Godfrey's fate. Watch constantly over her, Mrs. Perkins. I must go out to breakfast now, but I will bring in her's myself, and remain with her through the morning, while you gain the repose I see you so greatly need."

"Thank you, ma'am. I've hardly slept a wink, but I don't feel a bit like sleeping after hearing such news as you told me just now. I am afraid my poor darling will never get over all this trouble, and it's hard to go over with her all that I went through with her mother."

"Don't think of anything so sad as that, Mrs. Perkins. I believe that Inez will have strength to rally from the shock she has received, and recover her usual health of mind and body."

"God grant it, ma'am," replied the faithful nurse, with a heavy sigh; and Mrs. Langley again entered the apartment of Inez.

She found her lying in that dreamy state which is produced by the drug she had taken; she was neither sleeping nor waking, and her heavy eyelids were not again lifted.

Her visitor softly left the room and went to see if the breakfast-table was properly arranged. Mrs. Langley assumed outward composure, and when the three young men came in she greeted the visitors with grave and quiet courtesy.

The meal was eaten almost in silence, and when the sound of a carriage driving to the door was heard, Denham arose and said:

"I believe that we are quite ready now, Wallis, and we may as well go at once. It is useless to defer a painful task when it must be done."

Mrs. Langley raised her pale face to the young man as he offered her his hand, and impressively said:

"If you do not bring Guy off safe, Edward, I shall never find it in my heart to forgive you for coming to my house on such an errand as brought you here last night. You are responsible for his appearance in Natchez before those whose demand is blood for blood; and rather than not have it, they are ready to offer up an innocent victim on the altar of public opinion. Bring my brother back to me safe and cleared from the foul imputation you and others have sought to fasten on him, or never come into my presence again."

Wallis cowered before the indignant light of her dark eyes, and he almost humbly said:

"I—I hope that everything will go right, Mrs. Langley. I meant no evil to Guy by coming here with him, you know; and an old friend was better than a stranger. I don't believe now that he did what he is accused of, and although circumstances are against him, we don't give much weight to them in this State when a man's life is at stake. He will have fair play, and—and I'm sure I hope he will win through triumphantly."

The three went out together, but Denham came back to kiss his sister and give her a few consoling words before parting from her:

"I shall be back to dinner at the usual hour, dear Anna. I feel sure that I shall not be detained on such evidence as can be produced against me. The bitterness to me is, that I must undergo examination at all. I should doubt eternal justice if I could feel apprehensive as to the result of my trial. Before a magistrate's court it will be a simple thing enough, and I shall be dismissed to recover my equanimity as I best can."

"God grant that it may be so," was the fervent response, and the two parted with a tender embrace.

Denham was many years younger than Mrs. Langley, and she cherished for him an almost maternal regard. She was tenderly devoted to him, and with good reason, for Guy had been the stay and consolation of her life when her unhappiness in the marriage she had made forced her to separate from her husband.

Mr. Langley lived in Europe, and she knew no more of him than if they had never been more to each other than strangers. In early youth she had been persuaded by others to accept him, because he was a man of great wealth and made a fine appearance in society.

He proved an ill-tempered, overbearing tyrant in his domestic relations, and as no children bound them together, his wife took the bold step which released her from her intolerable bondage, and left him free to seek another if he wished to do so.

With a sinking heart Mrs. Langley saw the carriage drive away, but she rallied her courage and busied herself in arranging the breakfast of Inez upon a tray. She took it in herself and remained with her guest while Mrs. Perkins went out to the table and partook of the nourishment of which her long vigils made her greatly feel the need.

CHAPTER LIII.

The news of the tragical event of the night had already flown far and wide, and an excited crowd of people besieged the office of the magistrate in which the examination of the supposed criminal was to take place.

Denham's personal friends, and he had many warm and influential ones, hastened to the scene of action to bear testimony to his high character, and place that in the balance against the terrible array of circumstances that seemed to point to him as the assassin.

The Judge was in a state of great nervous trepidation. He was nearly connected with Mrs. Markland, and had only been prevented from attending the wedding by sickness in his own family. He had known Guy Denham from his boyhood, and he was aware that a strong feeling of jealousy had grown up between the two lads who were dependent on her second husband.

That their differences would culminate in so dire a tragedy as this, Judge Dalton had never deemed possible, yet he was now called on to sit in judgment upon one of whom he had hitherto known nothing but good. He had never blamed Guy for the state of feeling that existed between himself and Fenton, for he knew that he had not been fairly treated by his uncle's widow, and he also knew that in all their difficulties Godfrey was usually the aggressor.

Must he condemn him? Give him over to the ignominy of a trial for life and death, when he was so nearly related to the surviving children of Mrs. Markland that the stain which fell on him must also taint them? It was a most painful position in which he found himself placed, but Judge Dalton finally determined to abide strictly by the evidence brought forward, and give his decision accordingly.

He had scarcely arrived at this sensible conclusion, when a knock came to the door of his private sanctum, and his clerk glibly spoke, though in a very guarded tone:

"Mr. Hastings is very anxious to see you a few moments, sir, before the trial opens. The parties are in court; Mr. Denham came in with young Wallis and John Talbot. I may as well tell you, sir, that the general impression seems to be that the examination will be a mere form. Mr. Hastings himself says that it will be impossible to fix the guilt of the murder on Denham. But of course you'll judge of that when you have heard the evidence."

"That will do, Mr. Thompson. I believe I understand what my duty is. Ask Mr. Hastings to walk in, and do you take care that I am not interrupted while he is with me."

"Yes, sir—of course, sir. He doubtless has something important to communicate to you."

"Then pray allow him to come in, and tell me what it is. The time is getting on, and the hour fixed for the trial will soon be here."

The speaker's tone was slightly irritated, and with a bow, the talkative young man hastened to withdraw and inform Mr. Hastings that the Judge would receive him.

He came in, and carefully closed the door, and the Judge started as he saw how old and broken he looked. In a tone of deep sympathy, he said:

"This has been a terrible shock to you, I can see, Hastings. I hope that your daughter has not suffered from it as you have, though it was a dreadful thing to have her bridegroom killed within a few hours of their union."

"My daughter lies stupefied by opiates, but when she is permitted to regain the comprehension of what is passing around her, she has youth and unbroken health to sustain her. With me, it is different, and this blow has fallen very heavily upon me. I feel it as you cannot comprehend; it is not only that Godfrey has been violently torn from us, but that——"

He stopped abruptly, as if he had been on the eve of inadvertently revealing the heaviest weight of care that rested on his heart.

"I understand," said Dalton. "The imputation that rests on so near a connexion of your daughter's husband is indeed hard to bear."

"It is not that—no—it is not that, for I swear to you that I believe Guy Denham to be as innocent of all participation in this murder as I am, or you yourself are. I will do him that much justice let what will come of it. I am here to-day as his friend, not as his accuser."

Mr. Hastings sat down, wiped from his brow the great drops that agitation had brought there, and the Judge regarded him with a sympathetic, but puzzled face. He said:

"If you stand by Denham in this way, there is little chance that he will meet with condemnation from others. May I ask on what grounds your conviction of his innocence is based?"

"On very strong ones, but I—I cannot state them in a public court-room; neither can I explain to you why this conviction is in my own mind. Think yourself what this young man's life has been—how high-toned, even chivalrous his nature is, and you will see how impossible such a crime would be to him. There was no cause for such vengeance; angry words may have passed between him and Godfrey, but I am certain that no lasting ill-feeling followed them. There was no real cause of enmity, and Guy Denham is the last man to take so unfair an advantage of his foe, even if poor Godfrey had been such. But he was not, I repeat."

The earnestness of the speaker impressed the Judge, but with some reserve he said:

"When I have heard the evidence, I can better judge what weight to give it. Of course, the high character the prisoner has hitherto borne must tell greatly in his favor."

"Yes—yes—it must save him from the shame of an indictment for Godfrey's murder. I tell you it *must*;" and he looked into the face of his companion with an expression that made him doubt for a few moments if he was quite sane.

Dalton coldly asked:

"Am I to understand, Mr. Hastings, that you have come here to dictate to me the course that justice should take? This seems to me a most unprecedented proceeding."

"The situation is unprecedented, Dalton. If I could tell you *all*, you would understand; but I cannot. I have only this to say to you as an old friend, and one I have highly valued. If Guy Denham is sent from your court, branded with the charge of murder, I must do that which will bring my gray hairs to the grave in dishonor. The pistol found on the sward was his, but it has lain there in the window of my library unclaimed for months. It was taken from there by the assassin, to throw the odium of the deed upon him, I feel convinced!"

"Then you must possess some clue to the real murderer, and wish to shield him. I can come to no other conclusion from your words, Mr. Hastings."

The directness of this inference unnerved Mr. Hastings, and his extreme agitation prevented him from replying for several moments. The Judge poured out a glass of water and offered it to him, and after drinking a small portion, he faintly said:

"I did not come hither to accuse another, but to do what I could to save Guy. You are to understand that what passes between us here is never to be repeated or referred to in any way. When you were a struggling young lawyer, I assisted you to gain a foothold in your profession, and you have received from me many favors since that time. I refer to these things now because it is of vital importance to me to find a friend in the judge before whom this case is to be tried. I tell you, Dalton, that all I value in life must be resigned if some way is not found to save this unfortunate young man."

To this appeal Dalton gravely replied:

"I will do what I honestly can to serve you, Mr. Hastings, and I admit the force of the claims you have upon me; but I cannot understand how you yourself can be so deeply implicated in this affair as your words would lead me to suppose."

"It is so; yet I cannot explain. My secret is my own; and, although it is dragging me to the grave, I cannot unfold it. Look at me: see what I have lately suffered—what I still suffer; and then, if you can add to the burden I am bearing, God help me! for there is no help in man."

There was silence between them for a few moments, and then Dalton said:

"This is the strongest confidence I ever received in my life."

"It is not a confidence; I am confiding nothing to you beyond the fact that this man is innocent of the crime imputed to him, and I know him to be so, though I cannot fully state the grounds on which my conviction rests. But I have said all that I came to say, and to you I must leave the rest. You would not willingly do a wrong; and to condemn Guy would be the greatest one you could commit."

Mr. Hastings arose made an effort to steady himself upon his feet, and suddenly sunk down again, feeling in his pocket in a half-dozed way for something he could not find there. With an effort, he said:

"I was near forgetting something that is important. I have a note for you from Mrs. Markland. I thought it was in my pocket, but I must have put it into my hat. My head isn't quite as clear this morning as it should be."

On looking into the hat, the missive was found; and, wondering if his old friend had not been drinking deeply, early in the morning as it was, Dalton opened it and read the following lines:

COUSIN JAMES: I write these lines in a state of feeling that baffles description. How I have the courage to write at all is a mystery to me; but I must do so, suffer as I will in making the effort.

My son—my pride, my joy—lies dead in this house destroyed by some unknown hand! I, his mother would give half what I possess to know who committed the act that has desolated my life; but, in the frenzy of the hour, an innocent man must not be made to bear the burden of another's guilt.

Guy Denham did not do it; he asserted his innocence over the dead body of my son in such a way as convinced me that he knows no more of the perpetrator of the deed than I do.

Remember that *I* tell you this. Remember, also, how nearly Guy is related to my daughters—how fondly they are attached to him—and do not give them the additional sorrow of knowing that he is to be arraigned, through your decision, as the assassin of their brother.

I shall spare no expense to discover the real criminal; and I feel assured that my nephew will aid me in every possible manner to do so, if he has freedom of action restored to him.

Your broken-hearted cousin,
GERTRUDE MARKLAND.

Dalton read this very carefully, and after pondering a few moments, said:

"Mrs. Markland takes the same view of the case that you do. Did she write this without being influenced to do so?"

"If you mean, did *I* attempt such a thing? I answer *no*. I have not seen Mrs. Markland since last night, nor communicated with her in any way. I do not even know the contents of her letter."

Dalton handed it to him, and Mr. Hastings rapidly ran his eyes over the lines. As he returned them he said:

"Mrs. Markland has done what is noble and just. Deep as her anguish for the loss of her son is, she is unwilling that injury that will be almost irreparable shall be inflicted on Guy. The suspicions that must cling to him will be hard enough to bear, without having his life actually placed in danger by sustaining this shameful charge."

Dalton rather coldly replied:

"I can only promise to sift the evidence very carefully, and act according to the convictions of my own mind. My position, you are aware, is a responsible one, and I must do my duty. But our criminal laws are not very strict, and I may find it possible to dismiss the charge without violating my own sense of right."

"That is all I can reasonably ask. I will leave you now to take my place near the prisoner."

Mr. Hastings moved slowly toward the door, with some difficulty made his way through the dense crowd already assembled in the public room, and, grasping Denham's hand, sunk down in a seat beside him.

Guy was looking pale, but perfectly composed, and he gratefully said:

"I cannot too deeply thank you, Mr. Hastings, for standing by me in this painful strait. I shall never forget your goodness."

"It is all I can do for you, Guy. Others shall at least see that *I* have no faith in this absurd charge. Keep up your spirits, for I am sure that nothing can be done with you."

The entrance of the Judge caused a slight bustle, and after he had taken his seat the proceedings commenced. I shall not describe them, for such things have been too often depicted to afford much interest to the general reader.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A DISTRESSED HEIR.

Harpalus gave his riches to the poor—
His hopeful nephew penniless remained;
Thus shall the youth, with feelings truly sore,
Weep at his grave, and show a grief unfeigned.

To Promote Health.

Do not expect, sir, some wonderful announcement, some fascinating mystery. No. It is simply the plain little practice of leaving your bedroom window a little open at the top while sleeping, both winter and summer. I do not come before you as a theorist or an inexperienced teacher, in thus calling loudly upon every family to this healthful practice. I am the father of ten children, all in pure health, and have—thank God—never lost one, although their natural constitutions were not robust. But in addition to the salutary effect of the practice in my own family, wherever I have advised others to try its effects, it has invariably been found to be both pleasant and beneficial.

Reputation after Death.

It is very singular how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and acting among them. Death is so genuine a fact that it excludes falsehoods, or betrays its emptiness; it is a touchstone that proves the gold and dishonors the baser metal. Could the departed, whoever he may be, return in a week after his decease, he would almost invariably find himself at a higher or a lower point than he had formerly occupied on the scale of public appreciation.

—If you happen to fall into company where the talk runs into party, obscenity, scandal, folly, or vice of any kind, you had better pass for morose or unsocial among people whose good opinion is not worth having, than shock your own conscience by joining in conversation which you must disapprove of.

—Pleasure is seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

AUTUMNAL ANTHEM.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Autumn, thy sorrow watches,
Thy mourning the passing year,
And requiems thy spirit breathes
Amid the forest-glooms.

Just such sad years await the autumns piped
By low winds on the lutes
Of ruins answering nightwinds
Old overhanging roots.

And autumn is the sky that thanks
In solar state above,
Still holding on its steady throne
The Universal Love.

I own all other seasons' worth,
Their movements like great psalms
Of joy or grief that stir or cool
The everrolling blues.

But Autumn, then art for the hard
In mingling blight and bloom,
And seem'st a living epitaph
On some mountain's tomb.

Now gone to rest, wide to its emptied house
The Deity breathed our sainted universe.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXX.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

LAND SOLDIERS.—A SOCIABLE EXPERIENCE!

At noon, as he had prophesied, All Ben Hardy returned, and by that time Fiddy and I had got our canning dried, and were as good as new. We had overcome the enervating effects of the extended sea-bath, and were feeling in good health and good spirits. All's white budget of information was consigned to the fire, and we were as jolly

"I have been into the town," behind, "and I find that there are quite a number of English soldiers staying with the consul. Of course I do not wish to meet them; for, should they not discover that you had deserted from one of their ships, they would be sure to impress you. There are many regulations by which the Englishmen can place their hands upon their own subjects anywhere beneath the flag of Morocco subject to the Pasha's own Wally. My plan is, that you remain your faces, and put on garbs like unto, and remain quiet until we can find a vessel in which you can ship, under true passports."

I was remark here, since for all, that I blood. Ben's information was to the effect that there was a ship under his nose in a few days, after the interpreter's departure we made signs to him that we should like to go out with him on his boat, and help him to catch fish, and he consented much pleasure. We went aboard, and Fiddy steamed to here extraordinary luck. We were, also, on the second day, and I was glad to know that Hassan was greatly pleased with the assistance we rendered him. He was also an expert fisherman, and he showed to me the most effective manner of using the fish for superior to the primitive and clumsy method which he had been in the habit of following.

During the succeeding night, all returned, and the intelligence he brought was very cheering. What he had done for us may be gathered from the following announcement:

"I have seen a friend of mine in Gibraltar, who keeps a fruit shop near the mole," he said, "and with him I have made arrangements for getting you off. He speaks English very well, and he will go on board the first American vessel that arrives at Gibraltar from up the sea, and inform the captain that there are two American seamen at Tangier who have been cast away; and you are waiting for an opportunity to return home; and if he will lay in towards the town and hoist a flag, he will be sent off to him, and come off in a boat."

Surely that was good news, and I felt sure that the hour of our deliverance could not be far distant; and I think that all appreciated the deep gratitude which we manifested. At all events, the dark eyes sparkled with pleasure, and he declared that it made him happy to serve us. And I believed him.

On the third morning I proposed to go again with Hassan and help him catch fish; but he was not going out that day. There was to be an execution at the fort, and he and his companions were going to witness it; and all desired there could be no danger to us in going also. The circumstances were these: Two Jews, living both in Tangier and Tetuan, had been government servants into the hands of the Moorish authorities. The caravan had been started in part by the Pasha, and was bound for the Levant by the way of Egypt and the Isthmus, and there two Jews, in consideration of being paid, had given such information as led the robbers to understand when and where to make their first, to attack it. The criminals had been tried before the Military Council of Tangier, and had been sentenced to be beheaded. At first I hesitated about going.

"There can be no danger," said Ali. "There will be a crowd; and in your present garb, with your faces colored as they are, no one will think a poor being can think what you appear."

I must confess to a little weakness at this point. I had not hesitated from fear of being detected; but I had been moved by an instinctive shrinking from witnessing human suffering. There was something horrible in the thought of seeing the head of two human beings cut off. I thought of the guillotine of France, and of the awful scenes I had been described by one who had witnessed its working. But I was weak enough to look from making my feelings known for fear that my friends would think I was a coward. So I said I would go. And after breakfast we started off.

But before reaching the city I came upon a scene which interested me much, and which I contemplated with peculiar satisfaction, and before had I witnessed such a picture of human degradation in connection with a national institution.

Just outside the wall of the town, upon the low sandy plain, we found an encampment of troops belonging to the standing army of Morocco. Part of them were Negroes, and a part were Bedouin Arabs. And how do you think, dear reader, they were uniformed?—for all assured me that they were in full military costume. I will tell you. The first squad we came to were on the march, evidently going to guard duty. The only article of clothing was a single coarse blanket, passed over the left shoulder, and brought together and secured under the right arm. A powder-horn was suspended from the right shoulder, and hung under the left arm, while the weapon was a long, heavy musket. And that was the full extent of "arms and equipment." No covering or protection of any kind for the feet; no clothing for the legs; nothing but the one blanket, the upper edge of which was so gathered up in one place that it could be thrown over the head in case of storm, or of extreme heat. And these were soldiers!

A little further on we came to a batch of these fellows lying upon the sand asleep; and I saw scores of black sand-flies settled about the corners of their eyes and mouths. And they never seemed to be no more troubled thereby than they would have been by the passing gnats. And yet a single one of these sharply-biting sand-flies would have put the Yankee to torture.

And those were soldiers! But the whole army was not like this. This was a regular fit desert service, and they were not allowed to smother themselves in the city walls; but they were in the employ of government, and were duly mustered in and enrolled! I asked all how these men would fight; and he told me that against a force anywhere near with themselves they were good for nothing; but they were generally called on to operate against small bands of robbers and their other point of excellence was in their speed in which they would run away. They had been known to march fifty miles in a day without any great degree of fatigue. I looked upon these human beings as we passed on, but I had no part of the plan. The prisoners breakfast as they had been forewent the men who had led them pulled back the sticking from their mouths.

At last the fatal executioner and his assistants were gracefully into the air where his head, or heart stationed; but my eyes were upon the executioner, and I could not remove them. There was nothing of pieces of flight in the air where the bright blade swept on its way, but the flash seemed to proceed from one of the kneeling men; and the head fell, severed entirely at a single stroke. For a few seconds, or, perhaps, not more than a single second, the body remained perfectly still, and, with a convulsive movement it seemed bolted to place, and then it fell. One of the assistants of the executioner caught it and drew it backward from the terrible scene, and the executioner lifted the head by its hair, and held it upto the gaze of the spectators. I had no stomach for it, but there was a sight still more horrible in reserve.

The second executioner, when his companion had performed his part, came to his side, and either from a lack of force in the blow, or from some other cause, the head of his victim was not severed, but it dropped and hung, and the body would have pitched forward had not the first executioner caught it by the shoulders. Then the second man drew his sword and continue knives in their girdles. The unsuccessful executioner laid the body down, and with the sword in the other with his left hand, and with a single drawing stroke of his blade severed the head.

As I have already intimated, I was never much of a "sight-seer," and, at first, I never throbs when I call to mind the horrible scene; but I soon found that I could not look upon another human being without seeing the head of that poor victim, with its satiety every shape; but the more I looked upon it the more I was staring, and the mouth gaping, was too much for endurance.

I turned away from the scene, and when I looked back again I found it was all over and at an end. So rounded my look, and said to me, as I approached:

"Beckel, I wonder if I look as bad as you do."

"If you do not," said I, "then I must look worse than I feel."

But I saw no others thus affected. The great mass of the spectators seemed to be satisfied with what they had seen; and I have no doubt that the majority it had been a rare exhibition.

WHAT CHILDHOOD SHOULD BE.

If I were asked to write a model for mirth, one might often laugh at the superhuman virtue and goodness of the children—"Be good," he says the minorat of the family—mother, father, uncle or aunt, as the case may be—"be good." And the little ones—often quite little—feel that a restless little creatures, belonging with their superior vitality, and their love of life and action, in a small, confined space, are expected to be good. Nothing is said of noise exhausted, having been made over and over, after day, for weeks, without a solitary word of interest or encouragement from those around them, or an effort to extract amusement from the same. At last, the little ones—often quite little—feel that they are creatures in his or her lap, in any position, so as to be little they can be good, and it's a story to withdraw its thoughts a while from itself, and gives it material out of which to build a little play, which you should generally see him or her absorbed in, and so give to rehearse, would it not be vastly more sensible, as well as reasonable?

"Naughtiness," so styled, is oftener than anything else, in young children, want of occupation, confined apartments and insufficient ventilation. The truth is, that "all evil does," as the phrase is, is the only proper apartment for them. There is variety; there is noise; there is fresh air. A child brought up wholly in the city, accustomed only to the limitations of a daily walk, is really defrauded of its "childhood;" and, what is more mournful, the theft can never be atoned for in after life. *Nothing* can make up to it, for the glorious delights of picking shells upon the seashore, or paddling with dimpled feet in the foam of the waves, or plucking beautiful of flowers, wherewover it chooses to stray, or looking at the variously colored, every one of which, from a caterpillar to an ox, is a marvel and a wonder, compared to which a typhoon is of no interest whatever. Simply as an educating process, without regard to health, or pleasure, it is far more value than any other to childhood; we are taking it for granted that such a child is better fostered by fine clothes, or tyrannized over by a cringing, ignorant, selfish nurse, who neglects every intelligent query, "Hold your tongue! Don't you know?"

I think that I can always select, from out the crowds passed, those children, when grown up into the world, brought their welcome with them, and over whose tenderer hearts no cynical sensitive fell, without stint or limit. What crosses' never in after life they may have been subjected bear in a world of imitation, still like eyes, do not harden them, and are worn hands cause no stiffen, while the eyes seem to be looking back into the past, and the lips to be ready to utter the fine three aforementioned words. "I had such a happy childhood!" And now, when the cares of life press, compared to cheerful, to, and stern, and cold, and "duty" is its place of love, the heart turns more all its lovely and sweet to the coveted grave, there still will remain dim blessed memory! Perhaps some one scene, stand out in bold relief against all the dark years; some day like a bright spot, which has reached its climax; and sympathy and love came rushing into the little world's life, during whereweover it touched, till smiles chased the tears away, and left them only to flow again. And if, as such a memory and its dark contrast, the aggregate of childhood's days, "I had such a childhood!" who shall tell that any sternly has not cruel souls which "suffered" it? What a world, worth, if one believed this? FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WASHINGTON WIFE.—This afflicted lady says that her husband, who, before he came to Washington as an office-holder, was a temperate, exemplary and Christian man, is now a confirmed drunkard, a gambler and a spendthrift. "I don't know," she says, "whether he is insane or not, but I am sure that he is not himself. He came here before he was elected, and he has been left sober, and indulged in fashionable vices, and since. I have all along been afraid of him. How much better it would have been for us if we had never left our quiet home! Then I had my husband's confidence and love, and he had my respect; but now I am little better in the World, where we had love and peace and purity, and our children were growing up in virtue and intelligence, though in a humble sphere of life. But, alas! he is changed, and I have lost him for ever." What can I do to get out of such a place? Can you tell me of any way in which I can get out of the life which we are now leading?" Of course. For my husband I have no hope." Why not take your children and go back to your home? Can you say you inherited from your father, and which is now yours? Can you not live upon the income of your property? Can you not, by your own industry, and could bring them up to industry, frugality and virtue? Your husband's case is hopeless, if